

POEMS OF A
SALVATIONIST

E. IRENA ARNOLD



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POEMS OF A SALVATIONIST

Poems of a Salvationist

BY
E. IRENA ARNOLD
(MRS. BRIGADIER WILLIAM C. ARNOLD)

WITH FOREWORD BY
EVANGELINE BOOTH
*Commander Salvation Army Forces in the
United States*



NEW YORK CHICAGO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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OCT 13 1923

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 17 North Wabash Ave.
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 75 Princes Street

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To
*Miss Evangeline Booth,
Commander of the Salvation Army
in the United States of America.*

Foreword

HERE is another evidence of the singing heart of a Salvationist. Many of the verses have been suggested to the writer in the crucible of pain, and because of this we are not surprised to learn that already their message has been greatly blessed—chasing the shadows, comforting the loneliness, and inspiring the faith of faint hearts and prostrate souls. They are woven and interwoven with threads of Blood and Fire experience, and are therefore valuable not only as tuneful testimonies to the victories of Divine Grace, but as mirrors of Salvation life and service. I am glad to preface the more enduring publication of these verses with a few lines of appreciation, and send them forth with the prayer that these expressions of a believing heart may be carried upon the wings of Divine influence, wherever their message may be needed.

G. L. B. 1891

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
*Commander Salvation Army
Forces in the United States.*

New York.

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I

COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH AN APPRECIATION

WE may put our pen to paper and record some
deeds of fame,
We may paint a life-like picture that will bear her hon-
oured name,
We may make of clay a model to depict her noble
bearing,
But the life with others sharing,
And the heart for others caring,
Sculptor, painter, poet never can proclaim.

Oh, we see her loving sacrifice in buoyant youthful
days,
As she donned a tattered shawl to seek sad slumdom's
heart and ways,
Down in darkened wretched hovels changing sighing
into singing,
For her golden words went winging
To their hearts the Saviour bringing;
We can hear their voices mingling in her praise.

At the festive Christmas season as the years pass one
by one,
How her heart so warm and tender through her kindly
deeds has shone,

AN APPRECIATION

As she aided human suffering, touched earth's woes
with heaven's healing,
Showed such sympathetic feeling,
Her great heart of love revealing!
And this kindness day by day she carries on.

Like sweet music, pure, harmonious, lifting drooping
spirits high,
Like the fragrance of the full-blown rose to every
passerby,
Like the warm kind sun, the summer sun, somewhere
'tis always shining,
So her life to God resigning,
Round some needy heart is twining,
Scattering sweetness for the Master far and nigh.

Leader in the foremost rank throughout the Christian
world today,
Walking in the path of holiness upon the King's
highway,
Her success in winning souls her true sincerity
assaying,
Courage, faith, and love displaying,
Spirit, dash, and power portraying,
And unfailing in her steadfastness alway.

An exponent of the Word of God that evermore shall
stand,
On the Rock of Ages fixed, not moved with every
breeze that's fanned,
Hear her strong impassioned pleading like Niagara's
rushing water!
Worldly fame has never bought her,

AN APPRECIATION

She's our Founder's fearless daughter,
Always well equipped, the Sword of God in hand.

She has served our land of freedom giving gladly of
her best,

She has raised our Army standard never flinching
through each test,

'Neath these two great flags she's standing, for their
high ideals fighting

For the world-wrongs that need righting,

All mankind in peace uniting.

Peace must start within the individual breast.

Oh, the heart of this vast nation by her service has
been moved,

As in peace and war her trained Salvation Army has
been proved.

With her queenly grace and radiant hope and pulsing
heart impelling,

Well-known eloquence excelling,

Voice and heart and mind compelling,

By all classes she is honoured and beloved.

Our Commander—though her name is loved in many
another land,

She is ours, and by her worthy counsel loyally we
stand.

We would follow her example, which doth all our
hearts inspire,

Lift the blood-stained banner higher,

Raise the flag of Blood and Fire,

Proud to fight for God and souls at her command.

WELCOME HOME, COMMANDER!

Who can measure all the blessing of such leadership renowned?

Who can number all the broken hearts that have salvation found?

Who can count the deeds of mercy such a brave life has afforded?

God has every one recorded,
And they all shall be rewarded,
When the "Well done" of the Master shall resound.

WELCOME HOME, COMMANDER!

[Written on the occasion of the Commander's return to New York after a three months' triumphant tour in the Western States and Hawaiian Islands.]

YOU'VE traveled far midst ferns and flowers,
Through lovely fragrant-scented bowers;
High honours did with love combine
To crown your brow with garlands fine;
'Mid fruitful valleys, fields of pines,
In pleasant places all your lines,
Though greatest joy this would impart,
Home-paths lie nearest to the heart,
And East is home.

They welcomed you some thousands strong,
With ringing cheers and sweetest song,
With eyes that looked their love to you,
With hearts that warmed your own heart through,
All sorts of men and women came
At mention of your honoured name.
Though grand your welcome through the West,
Remember home-hearts love you best,
And East is home.

OUR FOUNDER'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, 1909

To highest heights your victories soared,
God moved as man His help implored.
We followed you with fervent prayer,
And in your blessings felt a share.
We're Army soldiers through and through,
We've kept the home-fires bright for you,
And we would humbly make this boast:
Home-welcomes touch the heart-strings most,
And East is home.

II

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

OUR FOUNDER'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, 1909

LONG live our General, valiant in the fight,
All nations in this song of praise unite;
Though eighty years his hoary head doth crown,
"Go forward" still our General cries, and leads us on.

Long live our General! worthy of the name,
Whose conquering spirit ever is the same;
Knows no retreat, his watchword, "Blood and Fire!"
We hear him say, "Go forward, Soldiers, never tire!"

Long live our General! shout it o'er the land,
Lift high the Flag at his word of command,
Like him be brave and face the fiercest foe,
Go forward in the battle and your colours show.

Long live our General, how we need him here!
His name all nations honour and revere;

THE GENERAL'S BIRTHDAY

Heaven-born his purpose, and world-wide his field,
"Go forward!" still his motto, "with salvation's
shield."

Long live our General! crown his noble brow,
With wreaths of victory and glory here and now;
News of the lost and erring ones brought home,
Is better far to him than roses on his tomb.

III

GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH THE GENERAL'S BIRTHDAY

WE salute you, noble General,
Far across the ocean's blue
We commemorate the advent,
Of this natal day to you.
For your years of one and sixty,
Grateful hearts to GOD we raise,
Praying that to you be granted,
"Wisdom, peace, and length of days."

Ho, the Stars and Stripes are waving,
And the eagle's flying high,
And we shout a million greetings,
'Till our voices reach the sky!
General of ten thousand battles,
Hero, chieftain, warrior brave,
Lead your great Salvation Army,
Sin-bound prisoners to save.

WELCOME TO THE GENERAL!

'Midst the world's deep sea of sorrow,
Ravages of hellish war,
Best of manhood wounded, dying,
Mothers' brave hearts bleeding sore,
Comes your Army of Salvation,
With the Blood-and-Fire unfurled,
Helping, cheering, blessing, saving,
Pointing to a better world.

Oh, America is loyal!

“Hearts of oak” are beating here,
Hearts of love and truth and honour,
Hearts of faith and not of fear.
So we lift the Blood-stained Banner,
And we'll never let it fall.
Proudly marching on, dear General,
One with you at duty's call.

WELCOME TO THE GENERAL!

[Written on the occasion of General Bramwell Booth's
first visit to Canada, 1913.]

WELOCOME! Welcome!

A shout in The Army's ranks we hear,
The flag of the Blood and Fire we cheer,
While fifty thousand as one unite
To honour our Leader in the fight—
Our General. Worthy of the name,
Forgetting self, heeding others' claim,
This watchword grand to his troops he gave:
“Let us honour Christ and live to save!”
His life of toil in this holy war
Bespeaks our General gone before,

WELCOME TO THE GENERAL!

So with fearless step the sword we wield,
And follow his lead on the battlefield.

Welcome! Welcome!
Our loyal warriors in Newfoundland,
Alaska's dauntless Indian band,
With Bermuda's braves, send greetings true,
Beneath our flag—Yellow, Red, and Blue.

Welcome! Welcome!
A voice we hear from a lonely shack—
An aged couple are looking back.
“ ‘Twas General Booth,” they cry with joy,
“ The dear old General, who saved our boy.
May Heaven attend his faithful son,
Who carries the work of his father on! ”

Welcome! Welcome!
A whisper low from a bed of pain,
Where a Soldier comrade has long since lain.
“ Oh, greet The General for me—for me,
His Army led me to Calvary,
Tell him, when able again to fight,
I’ll up and at it with all my might.”

Welcome! Welcome!
A dear old veteran, nigh run his race,
Says, “ Some one must go and take my place;
I can’t keep up with the march, you know,
As back in the days of long ago;
Young man, get into the firing line,
And welcome for me your General and mine.

THE SALVATION LIGHTHOUSE

Welcome! Welcome!

“ Please, sir, may I come and stand 'side you?
I'd like to welcome The General, too,
My Daddy is saved, and we're so glad,
He drinks no more of what made him bad;
He buys for us now nice clothes and food,
The Army showed him how to be good.”

Welcome! Welcome!

Miss Canada echoes our volleys true,
And proudly waves the red, white, and blue;
The maple in gorgeous colours dressed,
Bows low to welcome our honoured guest,
While Jack Canuck shouts a “ Hip! Hooray!
Three cheers for General Booth, I say! ”

IV

THE SALVATION ARMY

THE SALVATION LIGHTHOUSE

[Written for a Social Demonstration of the Salvation Army in New York City.]

INTRODUCTION

FAIR across the raging waters
Of a deep and angry sea,
Shipwrecked souls were sadly struggling,
In their sin and misery;
Seemed no hand outstretched to help them,
Seemed no light upon the shore;
Sinking 'neath the dark deep ocean,
Going down to rise no more.

THE SALVATION LIGHTHOUSE

Down to depths of degradation,
Souls were carried, tempest-tossed.
Hope by them had been abandoned—
Wretched, sinful, ruined, lost.
Careless, godless, drink-soaked victims,
Every breath an angry curse,
In their low and vile surroundings,
Going on from bad to worse.

Oh, the evils of intemperance!
Oh, what sorrows in its train!
Man becomes a beast and lower,
When the whiskey fires his brain.
Worse perhaps and more degrading—
Woman reeling on the street;
Horrors follow such debauchery—
Tales too ghastly to repeat.

(This was back in eighteen ninety,
When the whiskey king held sway.
We thank God for Prohibition
In America today.
Oh, that nations all would follow,
From the world this evil cast!
Noble lives are wrecked and ruined
Through this monster's deadly blast.)

Yes, they sell both soul and body,
Pawn their clothes and home for drink;
Poverty soon overtakes them,
Lower into filth they sink.

THE SALVATION LIGHTHOUSE

Children born in such a hovel—
Cursed not born into the world—
Bring another generation
Soon in seething waters swirled.

This and other kindred vices
Soiled this sea with blackest grime,
Gambling, theft, uncleanness, murder
Filled the air with heinous crime.
People with respect of person
Passed these bruised and wounded by,
Simply saying, “They have fallen
Through their own sin. What care I?”

Good Samaritans were needed—
Of the old-time Bible sort,
And a Social Service Lifeboat
That would guide them safe to port.
Where were all the brave life-savers,
Who would heed a victim’s cries?
Where were kindly human beings,
Who would help their fellows rise?

General William Booth, our Founder,
Saw their bitter woe and grief,
Looked with love and pity on them,
Found a way to bring relief.
By his keen, far-reaching vision,
He devised a wondrous scheme
To uplift the sunken masses.
Ho for General Booth’s great dream!

THE SALVATION LIGHTHOUSE

He observed this gross injustice
To the human derelict—
“ When a horse is down he’s lifted.
When a man is down he’s kicked.”
“ Give him food and work and shelter”—
This the basis of his plan—
“ If a man falls in the gutter,
Lift him up, a man’s a man.

“ Help the women and the children,
Snatch them from this earthly hell,
Preach to all the living gospel,
Practice what you preach as well.
Set them all to work at something,
Work’s an antidote for sin.
Give them needed food and shelter
Then their hearts for Christ you’ll win.”

“ Go for souls, go for the worst ones,
Never mind their race or creed,
Down beneath the darkest rivers
Go and find the greatest need.”
And his great Salvation Army—
Lighthouse for the underworld—
Marched into the streets of slumdom,
With the Blood and Fire unfurled.

And the light they carried with them,
O’er this dark tempestuous sea,
Was the cleansing, healing, saving
Light that shines from Calvary.

THE SALVATION LIGHTHOUSE

Faith revived and hope was quickened,
Where long dormant they had lain,
Peace came o'er the troubled waters,
Love received His own again.

Thus this great Salvation Lighthouse
Shines today o'er land and sea,
Guiding weary wayward wanderers
Into God's own liberty.
Day and night its light is gleaming,
And its beams shine over all,
Bringing life to broken manhood,
Blighted, cursed by Adam's fall.

SHELTERS

It is hard to preach salvation
To a hungry homeless man,
And with master mind, our Founder,
Soon conceived this better plan:
Started Shelters for the homeless,
Filled with warmth and cheer and light;
And this practical religion
Brought them back to God and right.

RESCUE HOMES

Homes sprang up where girls are rescued
From a life of sin and shame—
Souls more sinned against than sinning,
Yet the world holds them to blame.
Broken hearts are soonest mended,
Under kind protecting care.
Shattered love finds sweetest solace,
Seeking love divine in prayer.

THE SALVATION LIGHTHOUSE

Many Rescue Homes are open,
And a love-light shines therein,
Where the wayward are made welcome
At the cheery hearth within.
Thus we heed the call to rescue
Souls that perish 'neath sin's wave,
Telling out the blessed story,
Of a Saviour strong to save.

LOST AND MISSING

Pleading calls have come to us from
Lonely homes with loved ones gone,
And we search through town and city,
Running clues down one by one.
Oft we find them sad, repentant,
In a far-off foreign land,
And we bring them home rejoicing
To a dear one's outstretched hand.

PRISON WORK

Prison walls hold priceless jewels,
Were they not so spoiled by sin—
Hearts of brave and noble manhood,
Could we see their depths within.
Though the criminal seems hardened,
Tender spots may still remain,
Which the human touch may quicken
Into love and life again.

So the Army helps the prisoner,
Lifts him back upon his feet,
Takes good care of all his family,
Till his sentence is complete.

THE SALVATION LIGHTHOUSE

Then we have a job provided,
Meet him at the prison door,
He becomes a man of honour—
Worthy citizen once more.

HOSPITALS

Hospitals large and commodious,
Fill a long-felt want today.
For the sick are ever with us,
Needing urgent care alway.
Matrons thoroughly efficient,
Hospitals equipped to date,
Make these Army Institutions
Helps to city, town, and state.

White-robed nurses kind and tender,
Hearts in Jesus' blood washed white,
In and out among the patients,
Strive to shed a radiant light.
Soothing weary head and heart aches
With a loving, gentle touch,
Doing all as unto Jesus,
For His Word says "Inasmuch."

Army hospitals are working,
In our own and foreign lands,
From far Java's Leper Colony
To dark India's burning sands.
Consecrated men and women,
Who in schools of prayer are taught,
Treat the soul and mind and body
Miracles are often wrought.

THE SALVATION LIGHTHOUSE

Two Salvation Army doctors
From America have gone
With their wives to far-off missions,
Where a great work has been done.
They have given up all for Jesus;
God has blest their sacrifice
Bringing joy and help to others
Is the life that satisfies.

Army surgeons in the spirit
Of the Christ they emulate,
Pleading for the suffering heathen,
Pray before they operate.
Cures are marvelous and these natives,
Who can give no recompense,
Kneel before the doctors, showing
Gratitude of deepest sense.

Army corps' amongst the lepers
Have been formed with good brass bands,
Thus creating newer interests
In these dark afflicted lands.
Army officers work with them,
Foul and loathsome though they be,
Binding up their wounds and preaching
Christ Who sets the captive free.

INDUSTRIAL HOMES

Many shiftless, workless creatures,
Brought down low through drink and sin,
Come to us with strong entreaties,
Begging us to take them in.

THE SALVATION LIGHTHOUSE

And we plead for them God's mercy,
Lift them from despair and doubt;
God's great love endureth ever.
"Man may be down, but never out."

Our Industrial Homes are open,
Where we give them work to do,
And another chance is offered
To begin their lives anew.
Many hearts respond to kindness,
Brightly gleams their star of hope,
As we introduce them daily
To "Salvation, Soup, and Soap."

FRESH AIR CAMP

"See the grass so green and lovely!
Smell the soup! Some dandy eats!
Captain, can I go in swimmin'?"
Johnny thus the Captain greets.
At the Fresh Air Camp he's landed,
From the city's sunburned street,
From the tenements so crowded,
Stifling with foul air and heat.

Mothers with their babes are taken,
Cripples who require the sun,
Children who are undernourished;
And they all have packs of fun.
Fresh Air food is good and wholesome,
Fresh Air sleep is sweet and sound,
All good things in great abundance,
At the Army Camps are found.

THE SALVATION LIGHTHOUSE

SLUMS

Women go with pail and scrub-brush—
 Army angels of the slums—
To the sick and poor neglected,
 Cleaning up their dirty homes,
Bathing, caring for the patient,
 Helping in the greatest need;—
Serving, saving soul and body
 Is the Army's only creed.

CHRISTMAS CHEER

Keep the pot a-boiling, people,
 Drop your dollars and your dimes;
Christmas is the time for giving
 Christmas cheer with Christmas chimes.
Sure they give their money gladly,
 As our Christmas bells we ring,
And they keep our kettles boiling
 Till they all begin to sing.

Baskets to the poor are given,
 Filled with hearty Christmas cheer;
As we see their beaming faces,
 Lo! the Christ-Child seems so near.
Happy Christmas for the Children,
 Christmas toys and Christmas joys!
For the Christ-Child came to gladden
 Homes for little girls and boys.

NURSERY

“ Oh, me loves oo, Army Taptain,
 And me wants to live wif oo,

THE SALVATION LIGHTHOUSE

Lots of pretty fings oo div me,
Dess it's cause oo loves me too.
Let me be your 'ittle dirlie
Hundred, fousand, million years"—
Touching, charming, childish prattle
Captain of the nursery hears.

Oft deserted we have found them,
None to love them, none to care,
Children are such innocent victims
Of the parents' wrong they share.
How they love the Army nursery!
Life is just one grand sweet song,
Life is play, food, prayers, and bedtime,
Life is loving all day long.

EVENTIDE HOMES

Just to wait in peace quiescent,
At the eventide of life.
Just to rest in some still corner,
Free from worldly care and strife,
Only waiting for the Master,
Who will come to bear us home,
When our feet are weary traveling
In the paths we used to roam.

At our Eventide Homes we see them,
Chatting 'neath a cool shade-tree.
Dear old souls so reminiscent
Tell their tales right merrily.
For their hearts are young as ever,
Love responds to love the same,

A GREATER SALVATION ARMY

So they wait in peace complacent,
While our daily love they claim.

CONCLUSION

Oh, thou bright Salvation Lighthouse,
Shine till time shall be no more,
Then go on, with thy great Founder,
Shining on the heavenly shore.

A GREATER SALVATION ARMY

FAITH that will claim the victory won
Ere the battle is well begun;
Faith for the souls in greatest need,
Faith for the worst with Christ to plead;
Faith unquestioning, steadfast, sure,
Faith that through trials will endure,
Faith that walks where the Master trod,
Deeper trust in the living God,
Makes a greater Salvation Army.

Hope against hope and still believe,
So shall we in the end receive;
Hope as an anchor of the soul
Sees the grand, victorious goal.
Hoping for that we have not seen
Brightens and makes our vision keen.
Lively hope through His wondrous grace,
Hope for the seeming hopeless case,
Makes a greater Salvation Army.

Love unfailing, eternal, strong,
Love that is kind and suffers long;

A GREATER SALVATION ARMY

Love that will go to the man that's down,
Helping him up to win a crown;
Love self-denying, pure, divine,
Love that in darkest spots will shine;
Greatest of all the graces—love—
Love that is born of God above,
 Makes a greater Salvation Army.

Praise Him for faith, and hope, and love,
Gifts that are sent from Heaven above;
Praise Him for countless blessings here,
Praise Him for all that life holds dear;
Praise Him for victories of the past,
Praises on all our future cast.
Praise and thanksgiving day and night,
Counting His will our chief delight,
 Makes a greater Salvation Army.

Prayer-effectual, fervent prayer—
Prayer that will our own hearts prepare;
Prayer with many and with the few,
Prayer in secret by me and you,
Talking with Jesus by the way,
In the spirit of prayer each day;
Prayer that holds on, with God prevails,
Prayer unceasing that never fails,
 Makes a greater Salvation Army.

Work and our prayers the Lord will hear,
Work with a song of praise to cheer,
Work with persistent push and will,
Work and God's promise He'll fulfil.

WOMAN'S PLATFORM

Work that perfects the faith of man,
Carrying out salvation's plan,
Faith, with works, love, hope, praise and prayer,
Every comrade to do his share,
Makes a greater Salvation Army.

WOMAN'S PLATFORM

OH, hear them march at the sound of the drum—
These women tried and true!
Oh, see them come as the conquerors come,
Who fight the battle through!

No limit to woman's Army work,
Her platform is the world,
She marches on at the Master's call,
With Blood and Fire unfurled.

She preaches and sings and prays and toils,
In Jesus' blessed name,
She stoops to the deepest depths to lift
The fallen from sin and shame.

And never a task she counts too small,
That any blessing brings,
She scatters light through the darkest spots,
As her song of hope she sings.

And who can measure a woman's worth,
To bless a needy soul,
Since God has given into her hands
A daily helpful role?

To woman is given the gentle voice,
The winning tones and ways,

BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN

Reminding the sinner deep-dyed in sin
Of mother and childhood days.

So oft they are won from their wandering ways—
These souls for whom Jesus died,
As woman-hearts full of love divine,
Their feet to the Saviour guide.

And who shall hinder a woman who takes
The Christ to the lowest slum?
And who shall question a woman's call,
Who follows the Army drum?

BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN

"I will heal their backsliding."—HOSEA 14:4.

HE thought of his years of backslidings,
So hard proved the transgressor's way;
His heart was nigh broken, the Saviour had spoken,
Repentant he started to pray.
He brought forth his guernsey and Bible,
So long on the shelf they had lain;
With firm resolution he sought restitution
Back in The Army again!

No peace to the soul disobedient.

"God's ways are not my ways," she said;
"All hopeless, despairing, backslider's woes bearing,
How often I wish I were dead!
Why fight against God and my conscience?
Why struggle and wrestle in vain?
I'll heed now His pleading, and follow His leading,
Back to The Army again!"

BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN

Forsaking the ship that had saved him,
 His heart lifted up in his pride,
He sought fame and pleasure in unstinted measure,
 But never with soul satisfied.
Mistaken he found his ambitions,
 His old post he longed to regain;
In humble contrition he sought for admission
 Back in The Army again!

“O Daddy, please come to The Army,
 And let us be happy once more!
Oh, won’t you start praying, and in the band playing,
 Just like you did, Daddy, before?”
The words of the child brought conviction,
 And tears which he could not restrain;
The family uniting, for God were soon fighting,
 Back in The Army again!

With heart full of sadness she listened,
 They seemed such a bright, happy band;
The drum was a-beating, they sang “No retreating”
 And “Shoulder to shoulder we stand.”
Her memory quickened to action,
 She joined in the glad old refrain;
O soldiers, keep singing, the wanderers bringing
 Back to The Army again!

The bonnets, the badges, the guernseys,
 The uniforms hidden away,
Were all resurrected, and duly inspected,
 And fitted again for the fray.

UP WITH THE FLAG!

Their owners, with faces a-beaming,
Hearts tuned in harmonious strain,
A happy procession, to give God possession,
Back to The Army again!

UP WITH THE FLAG!

UP with the flag!
The world-wide flag of liberty,
That waves to set the prisoner free
From chains of sin and misery;
That carries hope where hope has fled,
That leads the soul where angels tread,
Proclaiming life unto the dead—
The flag of The Salvation Army!

Up with the flag!
The flag that bids sin's warfare cease,
That carries with it sure release
From every sin, and bringeth peace;
The flag that knows no race nor creed,
But leads unto the greatest need;
The flag that waves for hearts that bleed—
The flag of The Salvation Army!

Up with the flag!
That flies alike for friend and foe,
Its aim to banish every woe;
The flag that none as aliens know;
The flag that teaches God is love,
That we on earth His grace may prove;
The flag that points to Heaven above—
The flag of The Salvation Army!

• *WE'LL NEVER LET THE OLD FLAG FALL*

Up with the flag!
The flag that waves through street and slum,
And calls the sinners all to come;
The flag that guides poor wanderers home;
The flag that leads a conquering band
To forward march at God's command,
And fight 'gainst sin in every land—
The flag of The Salvation Army!

Up with the flag!
Oh, let its truths our hearts inspire
To raise our glorious banner higher—
The dear old flag of Blood and Fire—
The flag of The Salvation Army!

WE'LL NEVER LET THE OLD FLAG FALL

RAISE the flag o'er every land and nation,
Flag that stands for liberty and peace;
We are pledged in high and lowly station,
To do our best to make sin's warfare cease.
Blood and Fire our flag attracts the sinner,
Saves him from the sins that would enthrall;
Blood and Fire will ever stand the winner,
For we'll never let the old flag fall.

We'll never let the old flag fall,
For we love it the best of all;
We've taken the field for God and right,
We're in this war to fight, fight, fight!
We'll march to victory while we sing
The praises of our Lord and King;

WELCOME TO CANADA

Till the end of the world our flag's unfurled,
We'll never let the old flag fall.

Long our flag for freedom has been waving,
 Soldiers stand to fight at God's command;
All the hosts of sin and Satan braving,
 To stem the conflict raging through the land;
Comrades brave, from ocean unto ocean,
 Send their sons to serve at duty's call;
So shall we to show our true devotion,
 Never, never, let the old flag fall.

Long our flag has stood for truth and justice,
 Welding firm the brotherhood of man,
Friends and foes have known that they could trust us
 To carry on God's great salvation plan.
'Neath this flag a union we discover,
 Hand joins hand, God's love embraces all,
We are comrades all the wide world over,
 And we'll never let the old flag fall.

WELCOME TO CANADA

[Written for the welcome of Commissioner and Mrs. Wm. J. Richards to Canada as Territorial Leaders, 1914.]

To Canada we gladly welcome you,
 Our Leaders 'neath the Yellow, Red, and Blue;
Through your noble lives and victories past,
 Our confidence is won.
To our sacred trust, still holding fast,
 Together we'll march on.
Warriors of God, fearless and true,
 Gladly with heart and voice we welcome you,
Join hands beneath the Yellow, Red, and Blue,

'TIS THE VOICE OF JESUS

Fair Canada, with fields stretched far and wide,
Golden the chances seen on every side,
Broken hearts to heal, tears to wipe away,
And precious souls to save ;
Let us work for Jesus while we may.

His life for us He gave,
Trusting in God, our comrades brave,
Join heart and hand with you our land to save
From all the sins that would our souls enslave.

For Canada we pledge ourselves to you,
Through every conflict standing firm and true,
Our service here at your command,
To seek and save the lost ;
May we ever be through our dear land
A mighty, conquering host.
Warriors of God, leading us on,
Reckon on us till fighting days are done,
Pledged to our colours till the victory's won.

V

THE GREAT CALL CAMPAIGN

'TIS THE VOICE OF JESUS

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, Harden not your heart."
—PSALM 95:7, 8.

HARK! Hear the great call!
Through the earth it is resounding,
Where sin's ravages abounding
Bring to utter desolation
Strength and youth of every nation ;

'TIS THE VOICE OF JESUS

Sin of lowest type degrading
All who yield to its persuading;
Sin in circles that are higher,
Dragging souls into the fire,
For no sin with God is trifling.
Man may live his conscience stifling,
But such journey to the tomb
Endeth in an awful doom.

Hark! Hear the great call!
Hear it echo through the nations,
To mankind in all life's stations,
To the workman at his labour,
To his idle next-door neighbour,
To the fathers and the mothers,
To the sisters and the brothers,
To the weak and sick and dying,
To the strong and death-defying,
To the hardened, deep-dyed sinner,
To the youthful new beginner;
Calling, calling everywhere,
Calling people unto prayer!

Hark! Hear the great call!
'Tis the voice of Jesus calling,
Tenderly His accents falling.
Hear that voice from Calvary pleading,
By His thorn-crowned brow all bleeding;
By His hands and feet nail-driven;
By the cruel torture given;
By the mocking, scoffing, jeering,
As His death was slowly nearing;

FOR FIERY FIGHTERS

By His long-drawn agony
On the Cross for you and me !
Oh, let all the world adore Him,
Saint and sinner fall before Him !

FOR FIERY FIGHTERS

“The night cometh, when no man can work.”—JOHN 9:4.

THREE'S a call for fiery fighters
 In the army of the Lord,
Who will buckle on the armour,
 Take the Spirit's mighty sword,
With the shield of full salvation
 Stand against the evil one,
And the living God will help us
 Slay the giant with a stone.

There's a call for willing workers
 In the vineyard of the Lord ;
Working days will soon be over,
 Wasted time none can afford.
Just as Samuel answered gladly,
 Who will say, “Lord, here am I” ?
Millions still remain in darkness,
 Who will save them ere they die ?

There's a call for earnest toilers,
 Who for God will do and dare ;
Souls are rushing on to ruin,
 We can see them everywhere.
God is counting on His people
 Can He count on you and me ?
Let us now give Him our answer,
 In the light of Calvary.

TO THE SLOTHFUL

There's a call for red-hot Christians,
Eaten up with zeal for God,
Who with but one aim and purpose
Walk the path the Master trod,
With a settled consecration,
His forever, signed and sealed,
Then the Master-hand can use us
In His great white harvest field.

TO THE SLOTHFUL

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."
—ROMANS 12:11.

THERE'S a call to lazy labourers. Get you up!
Come and drink from early morning's golden
cup.

It is nectar sweet when tasted,
But the morning hour that's wasted,
Through the livelong day will chase you,
And in condemnation face you
At the setting of the sun.

There's a call to weary workers. Oh, arise!
Oh, arise and shake the slumber from your eyes!

All the souls you might have won,
And the good you might have done,
Like a ghost will rise and haunt you
And the devil's imps will taunt you
In the darkness of the night.

There's a call to fearful fighters. Take your stand,
Face the foes of Christ and fight at God's command.

ONE BY ONE

Soldiers shirking duty, fearing,
Shrink at last from His appearing,
And you'll wish you'd ne'er retreated,
By the enemy defeated
When you face the Judgment bar.

There's a call to lukewarm Christians. Seek the fire !
Then your heart will burn to save souls from sin's mire.
Sinking, they are calling, calling,
Oh, the need is most appalling !
If you have not done your duty,
When the King comes in His beauty,
You will miss His glad " Well done."

ONE BY ONE

"Till we all come in the unity of the faith."—EPHESIANS 4:13.

ONE by one God's call comes to us,
And its need we see ;
One by one responding find we
Strength and unity.

One by one the Throne beseeching
With the same request ;
One by one in spirit joining
North, south, east and west.

One by one our Father hears us,
Speaks to every heart ;
One by one He draws so near us,
Though we're far apart.

WATCH YOUR STEP

One by one together welded
In a world-wide chain;
One by one, but undivided,
Let us still remain.

One by one we enter service,
At our Lord's command;
One by one, and each one faithful,
Makes a conquering band.

One by one we raise our banner,
And its truths uphold;
One by one we bring the wanderers
Back into the fold.

WATCH YOUR STEP

“Be thou an example.”—I TIMOTHY 4:12.

FAATHER, there's a call for you,
 Watch your step!
Little eyes see all you do,
 Watch your step!
Little feet go daddy's way,
Follow you from day to day!
Lead, oh, lead them not astray,
 Watch your step!

Your example is their guide,
 Watch your step!
“Daddy does,” they say with pride,
 Watch your step!

WATCH YOUR STEP

Children may do as you say,
"As you do," 'twill be some day;
Lead them in the Christian way,
Watch your step!

Boys aspire to be like you,
Watch your step!
Is your path safe to pursue?
Watch your step!
If some day they stain your name,
And on you should place the blame,
Oh, how you will blush with shame!
Watch your step!

Walk the safe and narrow way,
Watch your step!
Let the children hear you pray,
Watch your step!
Would you ways of wisdom teach,
With God's truth their young hearts reach?
You must practise what you preach,
Watch your step!

Father, near your journey's end,
Watch your step!
Let the Saviour be your Friend,
Watch your step!
He will guide your feet aright
To that land of pure delight;
Would you walk with Him in white?
Watch your step!

ALL SILVER AND GOLD

VI

MOTHER'S DAY

ALL SILVER AND GOLD

[A tribute to mothers of the Army inspired by a visit of
Mrs. Commissioner Estill.]

YOU are all silver and gold, mother,
Such treasures your life doth hold.
You are crowned with a beauty of silvery sheen,
That speaks of the golden years you have seen.
Your heart is like gold that is tried by fire.
Your life would the heart of the world inspire.
You are all silver and gold.

You stand with the brave and strong, mother,
Your courage lasts all day long.
Though weary with household toil and care,
Your officer-husband's work you share,
For you are a warrior staunch and true
To the Flag of the Yellow, Red, and Blue.
You stand with the brave and strong.

Your children revere your name, mother,
They are proud of your Christian fame.
You have taught them from babyhood how to pray,
You have guided their feet in the heavenly way,
And whether they keep your flag unfurled,
Or choose strange paths in this wide, wide world,
Your children revere your name.

As strong as death is your love, mother,
'Tis born of the God above.

MOTHER'S HEART IS YOUNG

It reaches beyond the family hearth,
To needy souls all over the earth.
Your sons and daughters you freely give,
That others may look to Christ and live.
As strong as death is your love.

None other can take your place, mother,
You have won in the Christian race,
You have given yourself, your time, your all,
Your children as well at the Master's call.
The world is better because of you ;
Your daily strength may the Lord renew,
None other can take your place.

You are all silver and gold, mother,
No sham in your life you hold,
You have high ideals of truth and right,
You live your life in eternity's light.
Your Saviour doth safely trust in you,
The heart of you tested through years is true,
You are all silver and gold.

MOTHER'S HEART IS YOUNG

YOUTH and age are far apart, many years be-
tween ;
Children slighting mother here often we have seen,
“ Fossilized and out-of-date ” epithets they've flung,
They forget that through the years Mother's heart is
young.

MOTHER'S HEART IS YOUNG

Youth goes bounding off with glee mother left behind—
“ Someone must stay in to-night, mother will not
mind.”

While from thoughtless, careless lips words that hurt
have sprung,

Youth is slow to understand mother's heart is young.

Just a little kindness here, just a little care,
Mother will repay it all and your burdens share,
And as sweetest songs of yore, lullabys she sung,
Sweetest shall her friendship be—mother's heart is
young.

Maybe life to her has been as a tangled maze,
And her mind is not alert as in former days;
Still her love is far beyond power of mortal tongue,
And she clings to you the same—mother's heart is
young.

Mother's near her journey's end, oft her step is slow;
Let her life the longest be, 'tis not far to go;
She beyond her meagre strength to her work has clung,
Anxious still to do her share—mother's heart is young.

Though her eyes are growing dim with the passing
years,
Lower tones once quickly heard fall on heavy ears;
Joy-bells ring for her to-day as in youth they've rung,
Love lives on and life is sweet—mother's heart is
young.

MOTHER'S WAY ON MOTHER'S DAY
MOTHER'S WAY ON MOTHER'S DAY

WILL was full of fun and frolic,
Just a mischief-loving boy;
"Christians' lives," said he, "are doleful;
Let me taste of worldly joy.
Mother marks a path before me—
This way, that way, I must be—
Mother's ways are too old-fashioned,
Mother's ways are not for me!"

So he left the dear old homestead
For a city near at hand,
"Free from home restraint, yet often
Home to see them," he had planned.
Fondly he would write to mother,
Bid her never to repine;
"Some sweet day I'll make you happy,
Best of mothers, mother mine!"

But in vain she hoped and trusted,
And the boy, so careless, gay,
Little knew the inner heartache
Of that mother day by day!
When his letters came less frequent
And his visits not at all,
Promises so lightly spoken,
Like the bubbles burst and fall.

He had met with bad companions,
Swiftly trod the downward road,
Learned to drink and swear and gamble,
Wandering far from home and God.

MOTHER'S WAY ON MOTHER'S DAY

Oh, the broken-hearted mothers!
Oh, the children led astray!
Angels, look in pity on them,
Bring them back to Heaven's way!

“Mothers’ Day” dawned bright and glorious,
Day of all the days the best,
When our Saviour is uplifted,
Mother’s memory cherished, blest.
White carnations, full of beauty,
Emblem of a mother’s worth,
Whisper cheer and peace and blessing
To the careworn souls of earth.

In the home of Wilfred’s childhood,
We behold a pretty scene,
As the children come with garlands,
Crowning mother as their queen.
All but one, and mother for him
Breathes a deep and earnest prayer.
Though a child forget his mother,
Can a mother cease to care?

As the shades of evening gather,
Closing in that “Mothers’ Day.”
To The Army, with her family,
This dear mother wends her way.
At the door the Captain met them,
Face aglow with heavenly light,
And prophetic was his utterance;
“God has sent you here to-night!”

MOTHER'S WAY ON MOTHER'S DAY

Hoary age, and youth and maiden,
Each a sweet, white blossom wore;
Faces plainly told if mother
Lived or had gone on before;
And the flowers, shedding fragrance
Freely from each wearer's breast,
But reminded us that mother
Always gave us of her best.

Tender memories were spoken,
Bringing very near and real
That One Love beyond a mother's,
Love that stoops to save and heal.
Many hardened hearts were broken,
Stalwart men forgiveness sought,
Mother's messages were heeded,
Miracles of grace were wrought.

No one saw the young man enter,
Eyes were closed in silent prayer;
Suddenly the cry of "Mother"
Broke upon the stillness there.
She with arms outstretched received him,
Penitent Will knelt to pray,
While with joy of heart he whispered,
"Mother's way on 'Mothers' Day!'"

JUST TO BE SATISFIED

VII

COMFORT AND ENCOURAGEMENT

JUST TO BE SATISFIED

[Suggested by the first visit of Mrs. Commissioner Estill
to the writer's home.]

JUST to be satisfied with God's will,
Whether it seems to bring good or ill;
From the beginning He knows the end,
And all is good that His love doth send.

Just to be satisfied—long, deep word,
Earth's richest treasures cannot afford;
Only the hearts that in Christ abide
Fathom its depths and are satisfied.

Just to be satisfied with God's way,
Questioning neither His yea nor nay;
Some called to labour while some must wait,
All on the way to the golden gate.

Just to be satisfied where we are,
For discontent will our soul's peace mar,
Doing our best whether here or there,
Satisfied only to do our share.

Just to be satisfied, this pays best,
Satisfied souls truly are thrice blessed;
Heaven meets earth at the feet of those
Who in the Saviour find true repose.

Just to be satisfied—quiet thought,
Soothing the mind that is overwrought,
Satisfied here when we prove His grace,
Satisfied there when we see His face.

SOMETIME! SOMEWHERE!

SOMETIME! SOMEWHERE!

“And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign forever and ever.”—REVELATIONS 22:5.

SOMETIMES, somewhere, 'twill all be light,
The shadows vanished, no dark night;
The sun forevermore will shine.
Oh, may that lasting joy be mine!

Sometime, somewhere, the mists will clear,
Misunderstandings disappear;
Life's tangled threads shall be all straight.
May we with grace and patience wait!

Sometime, somewhere, there'll be no pain,
No shattered nerves, no wearied brain,
No weakness known in that new land.
Where strength and youth and health shall stand.

Sometime, somewhere, there'll be no sin,
No ravenous beast shall enter in;
There little children run at will,
All safe from every harm and ill.

Sometime, somewhere, no sad farewell,
No last, long look, no tolling bell;
Hand joined in hand and heart in heart,
Through countless ages ne'er to part.

Sometime, somewhere, faith lost in sight,
My eyes shall see that land of light,

THE MIDNIGHT SONG

And satisfied my heart shall be
In that fair land prepared for me.

Sometime, somewhere, it matters not
Just when or where that sacred spot ;
'Tis when my Saviour bids me come,
'Tis where He is that's Heaven, my home.

THE MIDNIGHT SONG

"And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God."—Acts 16:25.

THEY sang their song in the dead of night,
And the doors flew open wide ;
'Twas not a song that the worldlings sing,
For lo, they prayed beside !
They were fast with chains in a prison dark,
Not guilty of sin or crime,
But God Who knows and makes no mistakes,
Had marked both the place and time.

'Twas a song of victory on their lips.
They had done their Master's will,
It mattered not if the way were dark,
His purposes they'd fulfil.
'Twas a song of faith from the heart of them
For they knew in Whom their trust,
They could wait their Lord's appointed time,
The end would be right ; it must.

'Twas a song of thanksgiving unto God.
From whence did they find their praise ?

THE MIDNIGHT SONG

'Twas an overflow of His love to them,
When they sang their soulful lays.

'Twas a song of love to their God above,
As they worshipped at His feet,
And no prison bar could their soul's peace mar,
He had made their joy complete.

'Twas a song of pure and eternal joy,
That springs from the inner man,
When the soul is right and the conscience clear,
In accord with God's great plan.

'Twas a song of peace, of that perfect peace,
That is undisturbed by foes,
That lies as deep as the ocean's depth,
And as calm as a river flows.

'Twas the midnight song that the prisoners heard,
And their hearts were filled with fear,
Not one of them fled from his dreary cell,
Though the way of escape was clear.

'Twas the voice of God in the song of praise,
In that dark and dismal place,
And the jailor heard and, with all his house,
He accepted saving grace.

Let us sing in the darkest hours of life,
With a faith that will not despair,
And our song may arrest some hardened hearts,
And bring them to God in prayer.
It's easy to sing when the heart is gay,
And we're with the merry throng,
But it takes a soul full of grit and grace,
To join in the Midnight song.

FOR ME—BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS

FOR ME

“I will rain bread from Heaven for you.”—EXODUS 16:1-18.

THE heavenly manna is for me,
God gives it so unstintingly,
And every morning fresh and new,
To feed my soul the whole day through.

His grace unfailing is for me,
However dark my path may be,
Sufficient unto each new day,
To keep me in the heavenly way.

His love so pure is all for me,
His love so changeless, rich and free,
I give Him mine and take His hand,
To lead me to the better land.

The holy Bible is for me,
There precious promises I see,
So surely for my comfort made,
If on the Lord my trust is stayed.

Then oh, my heart, be still, be still,
And all His purposes fulfil;
In quietness my strength shall be,
He knows. He loves. He cares for me.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS

“Bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.”—II CORINTHIANS 10:5.

BEAUTIFUL thoughts like the roses grow,
Tender and sweet and fair;
Blossoming kindly words and deeds,
Spreading their fragrance rare.

FAITH

Someone has wronged you, 'tis hard to bear,
Friend has proved so untrue;
Think of the One Whom you wronged the most,
Dying for love of you.

Brother or sister has fallen low,
Lend them a helping hand;
Think but for grace you might take their place,
Then you will understand.

Thoughts of forgiveness, of love and peace,
Choosing our Lord to please;
Charity thoughts toward all mankind,
Beautiful thoughts are these.

Sow then the seedlets of priceless worth,
In the garden of prayer;
Ready the Heavenly Gardener stands
To watch them with tender care.

Watered and nurtured by His good hand,
Beautiful thoughts will grow;
Scattering petals of joy and peace
Over the way you go.

FAITH

"Fight the good fight of faith."—I TIMOTHY 6:12.

IT'S easy to shout when the war is won,
But the bravest man of all
Goes shouting, "Victory!" "over the top,"
And dies at his country's call.

It's easy to have a thankful heart
When good fortune comes our way,

THAT'S ALL I WANT

But the man of faith, with the last cent gone,
Can believe and work and pray.

It's easy to offer grace before meat
When we've viands rich and rare,
But only the man with faith in God
Gives thanks when the cupboard's bare.

It's easy to sing a song of praise,
With our loved ones by our side,
But only faith when bereft of all,
Can sing and in Christ abide.

It's easy to say, "I'll follow Christ,"
When the path is strewn with flowers,
But only the man with the deepest trust
Goes through in the darkest hours.

THAT'S ALL I WANT

"*The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.*"—PSALM 23:1.

EACH child had recited a Bible verse
In the Sunday-school one day,
And each one with credit performed his part
Till at last came little May.

"The Lord is my Shepherd"—she paused to think,
And her heart the faster beat—
"The Lord is my Shepherd, that's all I want,"
And she proudly took her seat.

'Twas a message new from a little child,
And it stirred my inmost soul;
Such a tender Shepherd is all I want
Till I reach the heavenly goal.

ALONE

“ The Lord is my Shepherd,” that’s all I want,
 He feedeth His flock with care;
He carries the lambs in His bosom close,
 And nothing can harm them there.

“ The Lord is my Shepherd,” that’s all I want,
 He numbers His flock each day;
He knows all the lambs of His fold by name,
 And watches them lest they stray.

“ The Lord is my Shepherd,” that’s all I want,
 And why should I covet more?
The pastures are green where He leadeth me,
 And abundant is His store.

ALONE!

“ *The heart knoweth his own bitterness.*”—PROVERBS 14:10.

O H, come to my heart, blessed Jesus,
 Oh, come and abide with me here!
Affliction hath laid hold upon me,
 And filled me with fear.
Though loved ones and friends all surround me,
 And tenderest kindness have shown,
Yet into my heart none can enter,
 And I am alone.

Oh, come close beside me, dear Saviour!
 I need Thee in weakness and pain;
In anguish of spirit I call Thee,
 Again and again.
My head is all fevered and aching,
 A-weary and restless I moan,

PROTECTION

For no one can enter my feelings,
And I am alone.

O comforting Spirit, come near me,
For sorrows are surging around!
In dreading the ills of the morrow
No comfort is found.

Through hours spent in doubting and fearing
My heart hath its bitterness known;
Its secrets are hidden from others,
And I am alone.

I come and Thou comest, dear Jesus;
Abiding in me Thou art mine.
Thy wonderful peace is my portion,
Thy grace makes me Thine.
Thy love hath my soul in possession,
Unworthy, unworthy, I own;
Rejoicing, my heart sings with gladness:
"No, never alone!"

PROTECTION

"For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee."—ISAIAH 41:13.

HOLD Thou my hand—
The way is dark, I cannot see.
I'm traveling through an unknown land,
O Father, be Thou near to me!

Hold Thou my hand—
The way is long, my feet might stray
In other paths than Thou hast planned,
And groping I might lose my way.

ALL THE DAYS

Hold Thou my hand—

The way is rough, and lest my feet
Should stumble, lend me angel wand,
Until I walk the golden street.

Hold Thou my hand—

Alone my strength is, oh, so small!
Hold Thou me up and I shall stand;
Unaided, I shall surely fall.

Hold Thou my hand—

Thou knowest well the path I take,
And when I fail to understand,
Help me to trust, for Thy dear sake!

ALL THE DAYS

“Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.”—PSALM 23:6.

HE does not ask me to wait and wait
Till the end of my days has come
For blessings my heart is craving here,
As I journey toward my Home.

He does not withhold His matchless love
Till in Heaven His face I see,
But all the days of my life are filled
With His goodness and love to me.

He does not ask me to wait for peace
Till the end of the world's great strife;
His calm, sweet peace as a river flows
O'er my soul all the days of life.

HOW WE FORGET

I need not wait for the joys of Heaven
And the pleasures at His right hand;
His presence here brings me fullest joy
All my days as the Lord hath planned.

He does not ask that a soul must wait
For His free and pardoning grace;
He died for all and forgiveth all,
Whatever the time or place.

HOW WE FORGET

“Forget not all His benefits.”—PSALM 103:2.

WHEN laid aside on lonely cot,
How prone our hearts are to complain,
Forgetting all our years of health,
Remembering only present pain!

When weakness shakes this mortal frame
We murmur 'neath the chastening rod,
Forgetting how our strength is lost
By breaking laws of nature's God.

When dark clouds cross our azure sky,
Seems burdens more than we can bear;
How we forget the brighter days,
Of which we have our goodly share!

When friends are gone and funds are low,
Our lot in life we oft bewail.
Do we forget One Friend above
And that His riches never fail?

PRAY

Then let us all our blessings count
When shadows cast our joys aside,
Forgetting not the benefits
Which God our Father doth provide.

PRAY

“Men ought always to pray.”—LUKE 18:1.

PRAY in the early morning
For grace throughout the day;
We know not what temptations
And trials may cross our way.

Pray in the gladsome noontide,
When the day is at its best;
Pray when the night o'ertakes thee
To Him Who giveth rest.

Pray in the silent midnight,
If wakeful hours be thine;
Pray for a heart submissive,
That never will repine.

Pray in the hour of sorrow,
Pray in the hour of grief;
In coming to the Father,
Thy soul shall find relief.

Pray when the sun shines brightest,
Thy path with roses strewn;
Pray that thy heart be ever
With the Saviour's kept in tune.

BELIEVE TO SEE

Pray when the dark day cometh,
And clouds hang overhead;
In the secret of His presence
Thy soul hath naught to dread.

Pray for the Father's guidance
In all thy work and ways,
So shall thy days be fruitful,
Thy life be full of praise.

Living in touch with Jesus,
Keeping our own hearts right,
Others will be attracted
From darkness into light.

BELIEVE TO SEE

"I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."—PSALM 27:13.

FAINT heart, look up, believe to see
The goodness of the Lord,
For strength, and peace, and life are yours,
According to His Word.

Hath pain and weakness dimmed your sight,
And filled your heart with fear?
Believe, and glorious rays of light
Transcendent shall appear.

He promises no greater pain
Than you and I can bear;
Believe His Word, and you shall prove
His grace and love and care.

PERFECT PEACE

The clouds hang low, the sky is dark,
The night obscures your view;
Believe, the darkest night will pass,
The morn bring blessings new.

The signs you look for point to gloom,
Your heart forebodeth ill;
Believe in God, forget earth's signs,
Be governed by His will.

Be not afraid, He knoweth all
And holds you in His hand;
Believe the midnight, morn, and noon
All for your good are planned.

Believe to see and you shall see
The goodness of the Lord;
His promises can never fail,
Your faith He does reward.

PERFECT PEACE

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."—ISAIAH 26:3.

PEACE, perfect peace, while in His keeping,
Be still, my soul, fear no alarm,
Though dark and lone the path thou'rt treading,
Still Jesus keepeth from all harm.

Peace, perfect peace, in full surrender,
Not half the price but pay the whole,
A life-time in His service spending,
And let His blood cleanse all thy soul.

HAVE PATIENCE!

Peace, perfect peace, calm as a river,
 Unceasing in its tranquil flow,
And onward through the great forever,
 This peace of God thou then shalt know.

Peace, perfect peace, with sin surrounding,
 The subtle tempter at thy side;
His power fails with grace abounding,
 And still thou dost in Christ abide.

Peace, perfect peace, though waves are rising,
 And angry waters would o'erwhelm,
In safety thou shalt reach the harbour,
 For Jesus still is at the helm.

HAVE PATIENCE!

“Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.”—PSALM 37:7.

HOW hard it is to wait,
 When we are laid aside,
To bide the Master's will,
 And just be satisfied!

But if our hearts complain,
 And we impatient grow,
We lose God's best for us—
 Rich blessings He'd bestow.

This rest is but to trust,
 And question not His will,
In sorrow or in joy,
 Abiding with Him still.

ALL ALIVE

To wait and murmur not,
 His law be our delight,
For all His paths are peace,
 And all His ways are right.

ALL ALIVE

"Dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."—ROMANS 6:11.

BE not like the poor dead fishes,—
 Floating down the stream;
Be not full of empty wishes,
 Thinking life's a dream.
Plunge right out in deepest waters,
 There your soul will thrive;
God needs workers, sons and daughters,
 Workers all alive.

God created us for action
 In His harvest field.
Are we doing but a fraction
 Of His will revealed?
All our service, none withholding,
 He requires our best;
Sacrifice is love unfolding,
 Service is love's test.

All alive through Christ, our Saviour,—
 Spirit-life within,
This the proving of God's favour—
 Dead indeed to sin.

DO YOUR BEST

Daily all His will be doing,
In His chosen place,
His own plan for us pursuing,
Through His boundless grace.

DO YOUR BEST

"We are laborers together with God."—I CORINTHIANS 3:9.

DO your best, and leave the rest
In your Father's care;
In your labour for your neighbour,
He delights to share.

No use fretting though you're getting
Disappointments here.
Just you smile. A little while
And mysteries shall clear.

Dark your way may be to-day,
God your Father knows.
Clouds bring showers, and sweetest flowers
Through the rain He grows.

Sow the seed. Be this your creed:
God your Father lives.
Planting, sowing, your heart knowing
He the increase gives.

Do your best and then just rest
For to-morrow's task,
All your powers working hours,
This your Lord doth ask.

FACE THE GIANT

FACE THE GIANT

“David hasted and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine.”—I SAMUEL 17:48.

FACE the giant! David faced him
When a shepherd lad.
Then the courage came to fight him.
What success he had!

Face the giant that confronts you,
On your heavenly way!
Fling the stone that God provideth
For the souls that pray!

Face the giant! Do you fear him?
Are you weak and frail?
On your side is One Almighty
Who can never fail.

Face the giant! Be a hero!
Weaklings always fail.
Giants overthrow the fearful
And the hearts that quail.

Face the giant—face him boldly!
Never run away;
Though the odds seem all against you,
Stick right to the fray!

Face the giant! You will never,
Never be alone—
One, unseen, will stand beside you,
Guiding well the stone.

FASHIONED BY HIS HANDS

FASHIONED BY HIS HANDS

"For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure."—PHILIPPIANS 2:13.

OUR lives are fashioned by His hands,
Who never yet has been unkind,
And mysteries deep He understands,
Though hidden from our finite mind.

Come weakness, sorrow, loss or pain,
'Tis best, for God has willed it so;
From clouds refreshing showers of rain
Cause flower and fruit to bloom and grow.

So daily we may grow in grace,
With showers of blessing from above,
If through the clouds we only trace
The finger of our Saviour's love.

We plan our own uncertain lives,
But He who can the end foresee
In His way leads the one who strives
To follow paths of purity.

And no good thing will He withhold,
If we uprightly walk His ways;
As clay the potter's hands doth mold,
He works in us to show His praise.

Then, though the world misunderstands,
And life seems but a tangled maze,
If we are fashioned by His hands
Peace, perfect peace, will crown our days.

HEAVENLY MANNA

HEAVENLY MANNA

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.”—MATTHEW 5:6.

HERE we raise our Ebenezer,
Hearts and voices praise the Lord,
Priceless blessings He hath given,
In our study of His word.
Hallelujah!
Praising Him with one accord.

Present help and light we're seeking,
Hungering, thirsting more and more,
Barriers breaking, fears forsaking;
With our heart's wide open door
Thirsting, seeking;
Boundless, limitless His store.

While we further search Thy mandates,
Lord of hosts our hearts inspire,
Quicken Thou our understanding,
From earth's plane still lead us higher.
Heavenly manna—
Only this our soul's desire.

God of Love continue with us,
Let us Thy sweet presence feel,
All we have to Thee we're bringing,
For Thyself our offering seal.
God be with us,
Fill our souls with holy zeal.

LOOK FORWARD

LOOK FORWARD

"Remember Lot's wife."—LUKE 17:32.

LOOK forward, not back, for the past is gone,
And the wheels of time are turning,
Oh, study the moments to improve,
For the lesson's worth the learning.
Whatever of failure the past has been,
The present is bending o'er you,
With promises from the God above,
For the future that lies before you.

Look forward, not back. But one backward glance,
And Lot and his wife were parted,
She would not obey her Lord's command,
And that's where the trouble started.
She stopped to look at the old home town,
That was sadly, quickly burning,
Then her doom was sealed and she lost her life
By that one look backward turning.

Look forward, not back. There's new life ahead,
New strength in the path of duty,
New power that will bring you new success,
New love and a world of beauty.
New peace—a glad peace with the whole wide world,
New feeling that men are brothers,
New stars of hope all aglow for you,
New faith for yourself and others.

Look forward, not back. It will do no good
To spend all your life repining,
And sighing over what might have been,
If the sun had been always shining.

WHOM ELSE BUT THEE?

Encourage your heart with a cheery song,
For the day is what you make it,
And though you wail when the wild wind blows,
Your wailing will never break it.

Look forward, not back. God forgives the past,
Let your sins no longer bind you,
Renounce them all, let Him have your heart,
And your bridges burn behind you.
Then you will be safe in the Father's care,
Your future in His providing,
And on while eternal ages roll,
In heavenly love abiding.

WHOM ELSE BUT THEE?

"Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee."—PSALM 73:25.

WHOM else but Thee? The dearest, best,
On Thee my mind is ever stayed;
Oh, let me lean upon Thy breast,
And trusting Thee be not afraid;
For if the way be dark or light,
I need Thee, Lord, to guide aright.

Whom else but Thee? My soul finds none
To bear me up in life's dark hours;
For trouble comes to everyone,
And over each the dark cloud lowers.
To Thee, O Lord, my soul looks up,
Thou'l share with me each bitter cup.

GET READY FOR HIS COMING

Whom else but Thee? For earth's friends fail,
And passing by leave me alone
To weather e'en the wildest gale;
But Thou, dear Lord, art still my own.
Then why should my heart ever fear
When Thou, my Saviour, art so near?

GET READY FOR HIS COMING

“Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.”—LUKE 12:40.

ARE you ready for the coming
Of the blessed Lord of light?
Have you sought the cleansing fountain,
Have your garments been made white?
Oh, remember, when you think not
He will bear your soul away;
Shall it be to fearful torment,
Or to realms of endless day?

In the hours of early morning,
When the earth is fresh with dew,
And the birds are blithely singing,
Bringing naught but life in view,
And your heart is light and gladsome,
With no thought of future woe,
Then it may be Christ will call you—
When the call comes you must go.

Or it may be in the daytime,
When you're busy at your work,
That the dread death-angel may so
Silently about you lurk;

GET READY FOR HIS COMING

In the rush and whirl of business,
With no thought of coming woe,
He, with icy hand, may claim you;
If He does, you can't say "No."

Or perhaps just in the twilight,
When your busy day is done,
And a well-earned rest you're seeking
By the fireside of your home,
With the joys of life around you,
And no thought of dread or fear;
Suddenly He then may take you
From the things you hold so dear.

Or at midnight, when you're sleeping,
Dreaming not of that dread hour,
He Who sleeps or slumbers never,
May then manifest His power;
And your spirit, all unconscious
Of the danger that may come,
May be carried swiftly, surely,
To its everlasting doom.

Pleasure-seeker, drunkard, swearer,
You who love in sin to roam,
While you're rushing to do evil
You are rushing to your doom.
From the scenes of giddy laughter,
Pleasures seeming gay and bright,
He may take you, oh, poor lost one,
To eternity's dark night.

CONTENT

CONTENT

“I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.”—PHILIPPIANS 4:11.

A LONE with nature and with God,
I lay me down to rest;
The leaves were falling all around,
I pillow'd on their breast.

They told me of their Maker, God,
Who kept them safe from harm,
Through summer's sun and wind and rain,
So fresh and green and warm.

Now dressed in new and glorious tints
Of scarlet, green and gold,
As one by one in silence fell,
Their beauty did unfold.

Their day had passed, and now cut down
By autumn's chilly breath;
So beautiful in life they were,
More beautiful in death.

I learned a lesson in content,
To let God have His way,
With Him, through all its changing scenes,
Live out life's little day.

That when my passing comes my soul
May rise to higher sphere,
And face to face behold the One
Whom I have worshipped here.

THE SALVATION ARMY DOUGHNUT

VIII

WAR-TIME VERSES

THE SALVATION ARMY DOUGHNUT

A DOUGHNUT'S just a doughnut, boys, till you are
"over there."

And day and night you're in a trench away in France
somewhere:

You get a fresh-made doughnut, seems it comes from
Heaven above,

That doughnut, boys, reminds you of a slice of
Mother's love.

A doughnut's just a doughnut, boys, when you are safe
at home,

But when o'er shell-torn roads and fields, and fields and
roads you roam,

And you are tired and lonesome in a far-off foreign
land,

That doughnut's a warm friend from home, you grasp
it in your hand.

A doughnut's just a doughnut, boys, when mother's
cooked your meal,

And all the satisfaction of good, home-cooked food
you feel;

But when you've marched for hours and have a very
empty spot,

Just like a Waldorf dinner is that doughnut, fresh
and hot.

THE AMERICAN GIRL IN FRANCE

A doughnut's just a doughnut, boys, when mother's
made you one,
Here where democracy shines forth as bright as noon-
day sun;
But where autocracy's fierce powers are daily 'gainst
you hurled,
That doughnut is a ring of hope for freedom through
the world.

A doughnut's just a doughnut, boys, when times of
peace prevail,
But in the midst of worse than hell where devil's
powers assail,
Where rage and hate and murder strike their hellish
deadly blows,
That doughnut's a sweet-scented wreath which in God's
garden grows.

A doughnut's just a doughnut, boys, when round your
mother's hearth,
And only at the battle's front you know a doughnut's
worth;
Made at Salvation Army huts some thousands in a day,
By S. A. girls who love to help our soldiers on their
way.

THE AMERICAN GIRL IN FRANCE

THE soldiers were hungry and tired,
They had hiked it throughout the night,
Their own floating kitchen was gone,
And their billets far out of sight.

THE AMERICAN GIRL IN FRANCE

But look! There's a Salvation hut!
Their tread quickened soon to a dance:
There, serving hot coffee, with doughnuts and toffee—
The American girl in France!

The perils by sea she had braved,
And left all the comforts of home:
The sacrifice freely she made,
And by her own choice she had come.
Not the girl of the powdered nose,
Who'd but her own beauty enhance.
The girl of the bonnet with "Salvation" on it—
This American girl in France!

She sleeps in the Salvation hut,
By aeroplane breezes she's fanned:
The guns her loud lullaby sing,
Her gas mask is always at hand.
'Mid dangers by day and by night,
A "Brave 'un" we see at a glance:
Her doughnuts she's frying, with shells around flying—
The American girl in France!

What better reminder of home?
What brings mother's love-touch so nigh
To American Soldiers in France
As American Apple pie?
They get it from her at the hut,
And salvation as well, perchance:
She's praying and baking, her own life forsaking—
The American girl in France!

OUR TWO FLAGS

She cooks, sews, mends, reads, talks and sings,
To help our American braves :
She honours the heroes who fall,
And places a flower on their graves.
She's true to her country and flag,
She fights not with gun or with lance ;
But give her an inning, the war she is winning—
The American girl in France !

OUR TWO FLAGS

HERE'S to the Starry Flag,
And the Flag of the Blood-and-Fire ! ”
And the soldier's cheer sounded loud and clear,
”Twould the faintest heart inspire.
Wounded and sick he lay,
But the heart of him still was brave,
And he spoke with pride as his Flag he spied :
“ For this my right arm I gave !

“ This the Flag of our land,
Of the nation that gave me birth,
For the truth it holds in its treasured folds
Is the dearest in all the earth.
Flag of the noble free,
In the struggle for right 'gainst might—
For my country's Flag, for the people's Flag,
For Liberty's Flag I fight.

“ Feeling the stress of war,
For a year I'd been over there ;
Flags of foreign lands, all at war's commands,
Waved around me everywhere.

OUR TWO FLAGS

When deafening shouts were heard,
For the Starry Flag had come,
Oh, I kissed its bars, and I kissed its stars!
They spoke of my home, sweet home.

“ Up went the dear old Flag,
And our courage and hope rose high
And no dark deep trench could our spirits quench;
‘For Freedom!’ our battle-cry.
Down with the curse of war!
May his reign of terror cease,
And Democracy’s birth in all the earth
Be hailed with the dawn of peace!

“ Flag of the Stars and Stripes,
You have won in the days of yore;
Your principles stand for a righteous land,
With peace and plenty in store.
Stars of the Union, shine
As bright as the stars above,
Till the woes of the world to their grave be hurled,
And nations as brothers love.

“ Stripes of the red and white,
You are narrow and clean and straight;
Like the Christian’s way to eternal day,
You point to an open gate.
Justice and liberty
Unflinchingly stand in view;
We’ll follow your lead with a greater speed,
Triumphantly marching through.

OUR TWO FLAGS

“ Here’s to the Blood-and-Fire,
 The world-wide Salvation Flag!
The Army whose creed is the people’s need;
 In the rear they never lag.
Ready for life or death,
 But to serve their Master best—
So these soldiers brave live to serve and save,
 And in war they have stood the test.

“ What have they done in war?
 They are ministering angels all,
Well trained in the fight for God and right,
 They answer their country’s call,
Some to the firing-line,
 And from duty they do not shrink,
But valiantly go to the fields of woe,
 And of war’s bitter cup they drink.

“ There on the shell-torn earth
 We have seen these heroes die,
And while facing death, with expiring breath,
 They would pray with a comrade nigh.
Pray? Yes, we all should pray,
 Facing death and the Judgment Day;
We envy the man of the praying clan
 And wish we had walked his way.

“ First on the battle-field,
 To comfort and help and bless,
To carry relief to Belgium in grief,
 And the foe’s cruel wrongs redress.

OUR TWO FLAGS

Services great and small,
For what do these soldiers plead,
But to lend a hand to a stricken land,
And to staunch the wounds that bleed?

“ Salvation Army huts
Bring cheer to the boys in France—
Salvation and pie, as away we hie
On our last long hike, perchance;
Doughnuts and prayers to the trench,
Heartening us up for the war;
And if we come back from the bloody track,
There’s rest in their open door.

“ Flag of the Blood-and-Fire,
With the colours you have donned,
By eternity’s test you stand for the best,
In this and the life beyond—
Red for the Blood of Christ,
Which was shed for all mankind;
The yellow for Fire, the great purifier,
The Holy Ghost Fire we find.

“ Blue is for holiness,
For the heart made clean and pure,
And your fiery star in a world at war,
For the peace of the soul secure.
Flag of the Stars and Stripes,
With the Flag of the Blood-and-Fire,
Wave on together, ne’er show the ‘white feather,’
Raising earth’s standards higher.”

FREEDOM
FREEDOM
THE WORLD'S GREAT NEED

“If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.”—JOHN 8:36.

If every man were free from sin and love filled every breast,
All war and turmoil soon would cease, the world would be at rest.
If every man were free in Christ he would be free indeed;
This freedom, peace and love divine for all mankind we plead,
For this the world's great need.

If every heart were pure and true no man would be a slave;
In loving service each for all the flag of peace would wave.
If every heart were good and clean, would truth and right prevail,
And “Peace, be still!” be spoken, for no foe would then assail,
And love can never fail.

Were every soul a righteous soul, according to God's will,
Who gave His Son a sacrifice this mission to fulfil.
Then nations would be brothers all, each seek the other's good,
And over every flag would wave the flag of brotherhood;
For this He shed His Blood.

JUST FOR MY LOVED ONE'S SAKE

If every man were but a man as God created him,
Who filled his cup with pleasures sweet right to the
very brim,
This world would be an Eden then, a garden filled with
flowers—
No weeds, nor thorns, nor thistles here to spoil our
happy hours,
But just sweet-scented bowers.

If every man were but a man—pure, true and brave,
and strong,
With lofty aim and heart of gold that would not stoop
to wrong;
If love divine would take the place of murderous hate
and greed,
And every man were free in Christ, 'twere Paradise
indeed—
And this the world's great need.

JUST FOR MY LOVED ONES' SAKE

DECORATE my lonely grave,
 Away off here in France,
And let my dear old mother know,
 Whene'er you get the chance,
But keep in mind a wreath of flowers
 Can ne'er my life restore.
And make the world a safer place
 Than it has been before.

Decorate my grave to-day.
 And send word to my wife,
But don't forget no love or care
 Can bring to her my life.

THUS THE WORLD IS BORN AGAIN

She made the sacrifice with me
For freedom, honour, right,
Now let war-makers have an end.
The world rid of this blight.

Place three rosebuds on my grave,
For my sweet darlings three.
And tell them that their father died
To bring them liberty.
But, oh, remember naught can bring
Their Daddy home again;
And work and pray that lives of men
May not be spent in vain.

Decorate my lonely grave,
Just for my loved ones' sake,
For never of the sweets of earth
Shall I again partake.
And still let all your powers engage
To banish hellish war,
That nations join in brotherhood,
For peace forevermore.

THUS THE WORLD IS BORN AGAIN

ON the gory field of battle,
'Midst the roar and din and rattle,
Of the ceaseless heavy firing,
Every soldier-heart inspiring,
And the endless pounding, pounding
Through the thickened air resounding,
On the damp, cold earth there lying,
Seemingly forgotten, dying,

THUS THE WORLD IS BORN AGAIN

One who fought for liberty
Fought to make all people free.

While his hold on life was slipping,
Death's cold hand the firmer gripping,
Came a vision clearer, clearer;
Seemed a little Child drew nearer,
Stroked his head, so fevered, aching,
Gentle, soothing love-touch making,
Kissed his cheek, all sore and bleeding,
While the childish voice was pleading:
" Soldier-boy, come waken, waken!
Foes of God the world have shaken!
But the Christ-child came to save;
Sin no longer shall enslave.
God has sent Him down to earth
To proclaim the second birth;
Nations everywhere shall hear Him.
Woe to them that do not fear Him!"
As the soldier gazed and wondered,
And upon the Child's words pondered,
Lo! A halo shone about Him,
And he could no longer doubt Him—
This sweet, comforting Child-stranger
Was the Babe of Bethlehem's manger.

CHRISTMAS BELLS, Oh, start your ringing,
Peace on earth His advent bringing!

Seemed a Man then stood before him,
Like an angel hovering o'er him:
He, of wondrous grace and beauty,
Spoke in words of sternest duty:

THUS THE WORLD IS BORN AGAIN

“ To the world God’s voice hath spoken :
Laws of God have all been broken.
Where’s the nation in these days
Walking strictly in His ways ?
People strive for fame and pleasure,
Wealth and every earthly treasure.
No man careth for his neighbour—
All his anxious hours of labour
Spent to gain the things that perish ;
Thoughts of God he doth not cherish.
Precious truths the world is learning—
Careless, heedless hearts now yearning
For His long-neglected blessing,
Wants revealing, sins confessing.
E’en as gold by fire is tried,
Man through war is purified ;
Sacrifice shall ne’er be lost—
After Calvary, Pentecost.

“ More than nations in this fight—
Powers of might ’gainst powers of right ;
Might shall never rule the world,
Freedom’s flag be never furled.
War lords long have had their inning ;
Peoples of the world are winning.
Not by might and not by power
Cometh that victorious hour.
David fought with sling and stone ;
God was on his side—he won !
Soldier of the people rise !
Freedom’s won by sacrifice !
Gird your armour, take your sword !
'Tis the battle of the Lord !

OUR FLAG—A LIVING TRIBUTE

This the war to banish others;
Nations, races—all be brothers.
'Peace on earth, good will to men'—
Thus the world is born again."

* * * * * *

He awoke to life and power,
To the battle of the hour.

CHRISTMAS BELLS, ring on—ring on—
Till the world for CHRIST is won.
Ring, to herald Christmas morn,
Ring—till a new world is born!

IX

AFTER THE WAR

OUR FLAG—A LIVING TRIBUTE

IN MEMORY OF OUR SOLDIERS IN FRANCE

THREE'S a consecrated garden in a lonely spot in France—
The Gethsemane of mothers, it is said—
All adorned with wreaths of glory is this garden, once
so gory,
Memory brings the sacred story of our dead.

There are rows of wooden crosses, quite as far as eye
can see,
And the names of valiant warriors they bear;
There's a flag that waves above them, there are mother-
hearts that love them,
For the selfsame sorrows move them over there.

OUR FLAG—A LIVING TRIBUTE

Yes, the flag that waves above them is our own dear country's flag,

In the centre of that silent hill of God;

High upon the flagstaff flying, "Liberty forever!" crying,

Guarding well our soldiers lying 'neath the sod.

Silent, yet a living tribute to their noble sacrifice—

Flag that stands for freedom, peace and unity.

For this flag they died while fighting 'gainst the wrongs that needed righting;

Nations in one bond uniting was their plea.

Loving hands may place their garlands on our heroes' lonely graves,

But a short day and their beauty none can see;

While our flag keeps waving, waving, speaking of our comrades braving

Battles fierce and long while saving you and me.

Rows and rows of wooden crosses, with their arms outstretched in prayer—

Their petition to the mother-flag above—

Peace forever they are pleading, for the whole world interceding;

Naught can staunch the world's wounds, bleeding, but God's love.

Tread the graveled walks there lightly, gently touch the verdant sod,

Whisper softly and with tender, reverent tone;

'Tis God's acre. He is keeping watch o'er all our boys there sleeping,

And He comforts loved ones weeping for their own.

FREEDOM'S ANSWER

FREEDOM'S ANSWER

FROM far across the ocean came a challenge fierce
and bold—

The right of might to conquer men and conquered men
to hold,

And freedom sent her answer to these autocratic
powers;

“A son of mine will fight and die ere under this he
cowers.

All men shall yet be free,
And war lords have an end;
The God of liberty
The tyrant’s power shall bend.”

Came cries of little children and the ravished women’s
sobs,

The terror-stricken innocents, attacked by fiendish
mobs;

Then Freedom flashed her light across this dark, war-
stricken world,

And enemies of God from earth’s high pinnacles were
hurled.

Sweet peace came o’er the earth,
The gift of God’s great love,
And little children’s mirth
As incense from above.

Came urgent cries for succor from a shell-torn, war-
worn land,

And Freedom sent her noble sons—a gallant warrior
band—

FREEDOM'S ANSWER

And Freedom's mothers bowed in grief, her fathers'
hearts were torn,

Yet proudly was their sacrifice of patriotism borne.

With steady step and true

They rallied to the fight,

Their battle-cry, " Go through ! "

And might gave place to right.

There, wounded on the battle-field, our heroes help-
less lay ;

How great the need for loving hearts to comfort, cheer,
and pray !

And Freedom's daughters marched to war with ever-
ready hand,

And nursed and helped, as sister-hearts can help and
understand.

And Jesus met them there,

On gory field and glen ;

He heard their earnest prayer,

Spoke " Peace, good-will to men."

From nations battle-scarred there came a powerful
appeal,

And Freedom's Flag of Blood-and-Fire went forth to
save and heal—

True emblem of the Blood of Christ and purity of
heart ;

Her soldiers, filled with holy fire, feared not the foe's
fierce dart.

With faith in God their shield,

The shell-torn fields they trod ;

The world's deep wounds were healed,

And nations praised their God.

THE SAME WHITE EMBLEM

A cry of deep distress came from a bruised and bleeding world,
And Freedom sent her starry flag, for liberty unfurled;
And, as in '76, she led her troops to victory grand—
Her homeward march to-day has brought a brave, triumphant band.

O Liberty Bell, again
Ring as in days of yore!
Ring out the glad refrain
That wars shall be no more!

THE SAME WHITE EMBLEM

A PLEA FOR PERMANENT PEACE

O H, our flag has waved in battle on our own and distant shores!

Has been carried home in triumph o'er and o'er;
We would join with every other now encircling all the earth,
Waving for the reign of peace forevermore.

Peace the people long have sought for, nevermore the curse of war;

Peace our valiant heroes bled and died to win,
Peace our brave forefathers fought for, carry on from shore to shore,
Peace unending with all nations gathered in.

When we think of millions lying in a lonely foreign field—

Foe and friend, one common end, in death unite—

THE SAME WHITE EMBLEM

Every ancient grudge forgiving, men should now be
brothers all;

Place on every flag an emblem pure and white.

Over all the world, low bending, mothers join in silent
prayer;

Motherhood knows neither colour, race, nor creed;
They have paid the price of freedom with their dearest
and their best,

And one common sorrow brings one common need.

Many little children starving through the cruelties of
war,

Orphaned, desolate, in anguish and in pain;
How their feeble wailing haunts us, and their daily cry
we hear:

“Daddy never will come home to us again.”

Still we read of new inventions to be used in time of
war,

Though the best of manhood on its altar bleeds.
Oh, that men would use their knowledge to create a
new peace-world,

Where not only tombstones write heroic deeds!

Every country is God’s country, men created equal
here;

Fields and flowers and nature’s beauty are for all;
One sun brightly beaming o’er us, stars in one blue sky
above;

Why not love and peace on this terrestrial ball?

LIBERTY'S TRIUMPH

We can never choose our birthplace ; only chosen actions count,

And we find God's gentlemen in every land.

Oh, that these in God's own way would every country's laws provide !

Then the globe by this peace girdle would be spanned.

God in man, the heart that's stony changed into a heart of flesh,

This the only remedy for all unrest ;

God the world's acknowledged Ruler, Christ the Saviour of mankind ;

True religion never fails to stand the test.

Yes, we'd place the same white emblem in the centre of each flag—

Dove of Peace—a symbol of our highest aim.

This was what our soldiers died for on the bloody fields of France,

What our living veterans, maimed and wounded, claim.

LIBERTY'S TRIUMPH

IN the dark and distant ages when the people were oppressed

By the evil tyrant, King Autocracy,
Liberty arose triumphant o'er this cruel enemy,

Magna Charta from their shackles set men free.

But this king so full of selfishness, and arrogance, and pride,

Cast a look of boastful scorn and proud disdain,

LIBERTY'S TRIUMPH

Fought the progress of true liberty, and with malicious
will
Sought again his own ungodly ends to gain.

Civil Wars and Revolutions tell their ghastly tale of
woe,

As one party and another disagree,
But all people of the universe one common interest own,
In their striving after peace and liberty.

Liberty that's born of righteousness will rise to fall
no more,

And a clear call came for freedom to this land;
Loud and long her bells were ringing back in seventeen
seventy-six,
For a New World born to live at her command.

There were men with high ideals, there were men with
standards low,

Causing many bitter conflicts by the way,
But each struggle brought to liberty a triumph, and
led on

To our vast resourceful nation of to-day.

Still autocracy, blood-thirsty, striking hellish, deadly
blows,

Stirred the weary, tortured, inmost heart of man,
Crushed the people—God's own people—yes, the weak
and helpless ones,
And the terrible and great world war began.

LIBERTY'S TRIUMPH

Nation that had warred with nation were united now
as one,
For great might against the cause of right was
hurled,
Knelt they side by side as brothers at the shrine of
liberty,
From autocracy's hard hand to save the world.

And the world was saved. This is the bud of universal
peace,
Mankind wounded, bleeding, down the curse of
war,
And from lonely graves in every land we hear this
pleading cry:
“ Let all wars be banished now and evermore.”

See the long procession marching underneath the Stars
and Stripes,
Mingling all the human races into one!
So united are their labours in the cause of liberty,
Shall we not say world-wide peace is well begun?

When all nations lay their armour down and learn the
law of love,
When the world comes to a new and second birth,
And God's love is firmly welded in the brotherhood of
man,
Then shall liberty's grand triumph fill the earth.

OUR PROMISE OF PEACE AT LAST

OUR PROMISE OF PEACE AT LAST

OUR sons went forth to the great World War,
So sturdy and staunch and brave,
The bugle sounded their own death knell,
For freedom the world to save.
They loved the joys of their own fireside,
Their homes would have held them fast,
They crushed their feelings and gave their lives,
For our promise of peace at last.

“For this is the war to end all wars”—
On every side it was said,
Thus mothers consoled their bleeding hearts,
Over their mangled dead,
And fathers aged in one short sad day,
When their first great grief had passed,
Cried out “ ‘Tis for world-wide liberty,
And permanent peace at last.”

So millions of lives were sacrificed,
The strongest and best of men,
And women and children were left alone,
To pick up life’s threads again.
The horrible, brutal war went on,
And the whole world stood aghast,
But hushed its civilized conscience with
A promise of peace at last.

They fought to conquer a mighty power,
Controlling the lives of men,
A power that by force is but subdued,
And falls but to rise again.

OUR PROMISE OF PEACE AT LAST

And now men talk of a new World War
With these victims' shrieks scarce past,
Oh, where, in the name of righteousness,
Is our promise of peace at last?

Have *we* kept faith with our soldier-boys,
Who lie underneath the sod?
They're calling us from their blood-soaked graves;
Oh, answer as unto God!
Have *we* kept faith with our veterans here,
Wounded, and blinded, and gassed,
Who daily suffer a living death
For our promise of peace at last?

Have *we* kept faith with those parents true,
Who gave of their own heart's best,
Whose lives must be spent with bitter grief
Deep hidden within their breast?
Have *we* kept faith with the widows' tears,
And the orphans lone, downcast,
Deprived of a father's love and care,
For our promise of peace at last?

Yes, man in the image of God is made,
And what's he created for?
To glorify God while here on earth,
And dwell with Him evermore.
What fired our soldiers with zeal to fight?
What nailed their flag to the mast?
Not love of the bloody warfare but
World-freedom and peace at last.

OUR PROMISE OF PEACE AT LAST

Oh, Christians—all in the church of God—
 Arouse to the world's great need!
For *we* can prevent these cruel wars,
 But not by one sect or creed.
Our efforts, and prayers, and faith combined—
 One body for world-peace massed;
And God Who is on our side shall bring
 A permanent peace at last.

For where is the gain in any war?
 Consider the frightful cost,
And weigh it up with the side that won,
 As well as the side that lost.
The loss no mortal can e'er recount,
 Earth's best to the slaughter cast,
And winners and losers all agree
 In welcoming peace at last.

Then shame on the man who says that wars
 On the earth will never cease!
His soul is void of the best God gives,
 And his mind is spoiled for peace.
Then shame on the deeds that cause men pain,
 And lives of innocents blast!
And shame on the men whose efforts cease
 In their promise of peace at last!

Oh, what is the reason for any war,
 And for all the world's unrest,
The greed and treacherous love of power,
 The hatred within man's breast?

LIVING MONUMENTS

Oh, why have nations not come to terms,
In the years that since have passed?
And why have we failed our gallant dead,
In our promise of peace at last?

It is Christ left out—the hope of the world—
Left out of man's business life,
Left out of his politics and laws,
That causes the world's great strife.
It is science and knowledge with Christ left out;
This learning we must recast,
The soul of the world must find the Christ,
Then we shall have peace at last.

X

MEMORIAL DAY **LIVING MONUMENTS**

A TRIBUTE TO SALVATION ARMY OFFICERS

THEY have written their names on the hearts of
those
Whom they helped in time of need,
And no monument here keeps the memory green
Like a kindly word and deed.

They have heeded the cry of the suffering world,
And hastened relief to bear;
They have stooped to the souls in lowest depths,
And brought them from dark despair.

LIVING MONUMENTS

They considered no sacrifice too dear,
Nor counted their time at all,
For an Army officer's day is long,
And his nights at duty's call.

They have visited hospital, jail and slum,
All eager to serve and save,
And wherever the need was greatest there
Were these comrades true and brave.

They have dried the desolate widow's tears,
And given the orphans care;
They have comforted sorrowing parent-hearts,
And led them to God in prayer.

So these are the monuments all alive,
With a throbbing pulse and heart,
And the blessings received from golden deeds
To others they would impart.

And where is the cold gray slab that bears
A record that thrills the soul
Like the man or woman redeemed by grace,
And through Jesus' Blood made whole?

For they tell the tale of redemption's plan,
And the life of sacrifice
Of the one who led them to Jesus' feet,
Who is now in Paradise.

NEW LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE
NEW LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE
IN MEMORY OF COMRADES GONE BEFORE

WE linger long at Memory's shrine,
Our heads in reverence bow,
"Not our will, Lord," we say, "but Thine,
For they are with Thee now."
They bravely ran the Christian race,
They proved God's power to save,
For them through His sustaining grace
New life beyond the grave.

In marches long o'er hill and dale,
With tired and aching feet,
Their soldier-spirit did not quail,
Though fierce the battle's heat.
Love, patient toil, and sacrifice,
Unstintingly they gave,
For these and purity the prize—
New life beyond the grave.

No more the enemy to fight,
No more the shot and shell,
No more the shades of darkest night,
No more the sad farewell.
The Soldiers' Home is gained at last,
The Home of all the brave;
For them death's mystery is past—
New life beyond the grave.

The dear old Flag they lifted high,
Their hearts beat ever true;
"For God and souls" their battle-cry,
No other aim in view.

“THE BELLS, THE BELLS ARE RINGING!”

In memory of their noble deeds
 Long let our colours wave;
They won by grace—not sects nor creeds—
 New life beyond the grave.

We would not ask the reason why,
 Though hard to understand;
Enough to know we're guided by
 A kind, unerring Hand;
And though our ranks are broken here,
 Their presence oft we crave,
We think of them in happier sphere—
 New life beyond the grave.

New life with Christ is better far,
 Could we but feel it so;
For just beyond the evening star
 The Morning Star doth glow.
And glory fills that Holy Land—
 The glory Jesus gave;
And love and peace forever stand—
 New life beyond the grave.

“THE BELLS, THE BELLS ARE RINGING!”

[The above were the dying words of a Salvation Army Cadet.]

“**T**HE bells, the bells are ringing,”
 Their tones are sweet and pure,
Oh, bring me nearer, nearer,
 Their sounds my spirit lure.
’Tis music, heavenly music—
 Sweet solace to my soul—
It bears me onward, upward,
 To my eternal goal.

“THE BELLS, THE BELLS ARE RINGING!”

“The bells, the bells are ringing,”
I hear them over there,
They’re giving me a welcome,
Where all is bright and fair.
I’m entering the harbour,
Just on the other side,
Where I shall dwell with Jesus,
Forever satisfied.

“The bells, the bells are ringing,”
They’re calling me to-day
To join the blood-washed warriors,
Where tears are wiped away.
My mansion there is waiting,
Wide open stands the door,
And all is ready for me,
For Jesus went before.

“The bells, the bells are ringing,”
Hark! Hear the angels sing!
Oh, grave, where is thy victory?
Oh, death, where is thy sting?
My soul on wings like eagles’
Mounts upward to the skies,
Forever with my Saviour
To live in Paradise.

“The bells, the bells are ringing,”
For me a welcome home,
I would not linger longer,
Since Jesus bids me come.
Dear father, mother, loved ones,
I’ll watch and wait for you,

HIS CROSS AND MINE

Where peace and joy abideth,
Above in heaven's blue.

“ The bells, the bells are ringing,”
Oh, do not hold me here,
My robes are washed and ready,
My way to heaven is clear.
My work on earth is finished;
Though short my earthly span,
God knows the why and wherefore,
’Tis all in His good plan.

“ The bells, the bells are ringing,”
Receive my last caress,
I’ll be your guardian angel,
As you my memory bless.
Oh, let this thought console you,
While here on earth you roam,
And bind your hearts still closer
To our dear heavenly home.

XI

EASTER

HIS CROSS AND MINE

THEY made Him a cross of the roughest wood,
To climb the steep, rugged road,
The cross was too heavy for Him to bear;
He fainted beneath its load.

HIS CROSS AND MINE

They pressed the sharp thorns in His aching head,
Scourged Him, the Innocent One;
Mocking, reviling Him, spit in His face,
Though evil He had not done.

They hammered the nails in His bleeding hands,
Right through to the cross of wood;
They fastened His feet with a spike secure,
Nor heeded the dripping blood.

They moistened His lips with vinegar sour,
When His mouth was parched and dry;
His life ebbing out, they laughed Him to scorn,
And sitting there watched Him die.

Is my cross too much when I think of Him,
Who suffered that I might live?
When I think of His sacrifice for me,
Is my best too much to give?

Through paths dark and lone must I wend my way,
With the end far out of sight?
He felt the pangs of a lonely heart through
Gethsemane's long dark night.

In weakness and pain must I lift my cross?
He has borne much pain for me,
And through the dark shadows I hear His voice,
" My grace is sufficient for thee."

Is my cross too much when the One I love
Is beckoning me ever on?
Will the toils of the journey seem too long,
When at last the crown is won?

EASTER THOUGHTS

EASTER THOUGHTS

THE CROSS

AT the Cross we see them weeping,
Still watch o'er their loved One keeping,
Fond hopes crushed and brave hearts bleeding—
Mocking, jeering crowd unheeding—
Lingering there, those women proving
How they loved and kept on loving,
Sneering, jibing crowd Him hating,
Moved them not—still waiting, waiting—
Listening heard His last words uttered:
“It is finished!” Voices muttered,
Gloating, as they watched Him dying,
O'er His bleeding, groaning, crying,
Fiendish rebels' deed appalling,
Still love at His feet was falling.

THE GRAVE

On the resurrection morning,
Love and faith their souls adorning,
Woman-hearts beat faster, faster,
Seeking their beloved Master—
Early hour of their appointing—
Spices brought for His anointing.
'Twas the hour of keenest trial
They had suffered all the while;
In the sepulchre a stranger—
Gone the Christ of Cross and Manger!
Hark! A Voice, so tender, cheering,
Christ Himself to them appearing.
Risen! O'er His foes victorious!
Lives again! Oh, message glorious!

A VOICE FROM CALVARY

Love's great price for our salvation,
Love of God to every nation.

Beck, ye rebels! Mock no longer;
Hate is strong, but love is stronger!

THE GLORY

Mothers, in your hour of sorrow,
Look upon the bright to-morrow;
Life at best soon has an ending,
Death is sure in his descending;
Life beyond goes on forever,
Saints of God no ties there sever;
Union, peace and joy abounding,
Perfect love Heaven's hosts surrounding.

A VOICE FROM CALVARY

“Who died for us, that we should live.”
—I THESSALONIANS 5:10.

DARKNESS and shadows falling,
On Calvary;
Softly a voice is calling,
Calling for me:
Voice of the World's Redeemer,
Tender and true;
Asking a full surrender
Of me and you.

Cruel the cross He's bearing,
All, all for me;
All the world's sorrow sharing,
On Calvary.

EASTER LILY

Still I can hear Him calling,
 Calling for me,
Sweetly the accents falling:
 I died for Thee.

EASTER LILY

EASTER lily! Easter lily!
 Fairest harbinger of Spring.
Bursting from your darkened chamber.
 Sweet the messages you bring.
Whispering of the glorious dawning
 Of that first glad Easter morn,
When the tidings, "Christ is risen!"
 Swift on angels' wings were borne.

Easter lily, full of beauty,
 Breathing of that life divine—
Precious Lily of the Valley,
 To this trembling soul of mine.
Resurrection light and glory
 Beaming from the Cross afar,
Shedding radiance on my journey
 To the gates that stand ajar.

Lily, with your snowy petals,
 Teach me purity and faith;
None arrayed in spotless garments
 "Such as these," the Scriptures saith.
Patient waiting in the darkness,
 Bowing to the Master's will,
This the secret of your glory,
 His good pleasure to fulfil.

EASTER EGGS

Teach me true and humble service,
Lily, with your heart of gold;
Lowly would I follow Jesus,
That His praises be extolled.
Outward show and false pretenses,
All will crumble and decay;
Truth of heart will stand the testing
Of that great Eternal Day.

Go to hospital and prison,
Easter lily, pure and white;
To the most despairing sinner,
With your messages of light;
To the sick and to the dying,
Rich and poor, and great and small,
Tell them, with the Easter dawning
Cometh peace and hope for all.

Easter lily! Easter lily!
Silent messenger of God,
Waft your fragrance o'er life's pathway,
Scatter sweetness all abroad,
Teach the souls of men this lesson—
“Blessed are the pure in heart,”
They shall see the risen Saviour,
Nevermore from Him to part.

EASTER EGGS

ONE Easter, Brother Jack and I
Thought *we* would like to have a try
To see which one of us could eat
The most boiled eggs. I thought I'd beat,

EASTER EGGS

And I said, "Jack, I'll go you two."
Said Jack, "Is that all you can do?
Why, I could get away with four.
And maybe even eat some more."
"All right, I'll go you six or ten,
Why, I could eat a whole big hen."

Then Ma came in. She said, "For shame!
Such greedy boys! Now, who's to blame?"
We both spoke up: "Please, Ma, Ben Brown
Says *he* eats all he can get down
On Easter morning. Why can't we?
"Twould be such fun, Ma, just to see
Who'd beat." "Well, this once have your way;
You'll learn a lesson on that day."
"Pooh! I'm not scared; say, Jack, are you?
Who'd sicken with an egg or two?"

On Easter morn I felt just fine,
And thought I'd have a try for nine.
(I said the night before, "You wait,"
When Jack had stumped me up for eight.)
Dear Ma, she cooked the eggs just right.
My belt began to feel so tight
When I had only eaten four,
And—Boo! Hoo!—Jack had had one more.
I tried the fifth, but 'twas no go,
Jack finished six and yelled "Ho! Ho!"

But soon you should have heard me groan,
And then from Jack there came a moan,
Boo! Hoo!—we'd such a dreadful pain;
We'd never eat an egg again.

TO MY DAFFODIL

Ma cooked a chicken, too, that day,
And there in bed we had to stay;
Boo! Hoo!—What do you think we had?
Just castor oil 'cause we'd been bad!
That chicken smelled so good—Boo! Hoo!
I always got the wishbone, too!
"It really serves you right," Pa said:
But Ma just kindly stroked our head,
And, Oh! that look when our eyes met!
The lesson learned we'll not forget.

TO MY DAFFODIL

I DRINK of your sweetness, oh daffadowndilly,
I drink from your goblet of gold,
A taste of your honey brings nigh your Creator,
And sweets of the earth all unfold.
Let the waters of Marah be ever so bitter,
This sweetness my lone life shall hold.

I drink of your beauty, oh daffadowndilly,
Your heart's hidden treasures I see,
Your bright full-blown blossoms in purity golden
Reflect nature's grandeur to me,
Uplifting my heart to the One Who has given
Such beauty entrancing and free.

I drink of your pleasures, oh daffadowndilly,
You herald the advent of spring,
When nature awakens and all the earth gladdens,
And robins so merrily sing.
I drink of the river of life everlasting,
Sweet thoughts of its pleasures you bring.

CONTINUAL COMRADES

XII

ARMY WEDDINGS

CONTINUAL COMRADES

[Dedicated to officers married under the Salvation Army Flag.]

COMRADES joined in holy union,
Same deep purposes of heart,
Sealed by love divine, eternal,
Comrades "until death do part."

Comrades joined in high endeavour
To promote God's Kingdom here,
Seeking not earth's vain ambitions,
Counting Heaven's wishes dear.

Comrades when the shadows deepen,
Comrades when all joys abound;
Sweet and hallowed consolation
In such comradeship is found.

Comrades, then, for worse, for better,
E'en in sickness as in health,
Still to have and love and cherish,
If in poverty or wealth.

Comrades working in God's vineyard,
Each the other to inspire,
In the great Salvation Army
Fighting 'neath the Blood and Fire.

Comrades made continual comrades,
Perfected in God's own love;
Two as one, with Christ united,
Heaven's richest blessings prove.

A WAR ROMANCE

A WAR ROMANCE

[Specially written for the wedding of two young officers.]

THE bridegroom came from the great World War,
 To claim his happy bride,
From the shell-torn shore, where the cannons roar,
 To peace personified.

The bride came forth from the sunny clime,
 Where roses ever bloom,
With her lamp all trimmed, nor the light bedimmed,
 To meet her glad bridegroom.

They met in the Great Salvation War,
 Their purposes are one;
For God and the world is their flag unfurled
 Till the setting of life's sun.

The bridegroom's parents across the sea,
 The bride's in the far-off West,
With their blessings greet, as their children meet,
 At love's all-conquering quest.

So East is West, and the West is East,
 The twain made one to-night,
In a land of peace, on a life-long lease
 In Liberty's true light.

Then blessings upon this war romance
 From overseas and here!
In their love and peace be there no surcease
 Till the heavenly call sounds clear.

CHILDREN OF THE ARMY

CHILDREN OF THE ARMY

[Written for the wedding of two Salvation Army officers whose parents are officers.]

CHILDREN of the Army, how we honour you to-day,

Standing at the parting of the ways!

Two roads you have travelled now are merging into one;

God be with you all your future days.

Children of the Army blessed with fathers', mothers' prayers,

How their brave hearts yearn for your success!

God e'er keep you fighting 'neath the yellow, red, and blue,

God stand by you and your efforts bless.

Children of the Army, you have had a noble birth,

Higher than earth's greatest riches give—

Parents all devoted to the service of the Lord.

God grant you His grace this way to live.

Children of the Army, carry on your work for God,

Carry on what you have well begun;

God give double blessings as your hearts in truth unite,

Crown your daily lives with His "Well done."

Children of the Army joined in holy bonds to-night,

With the same deep purposes of heart—

Working that God's Kingdom be established on the earth;

God keep you for His work set apart.

THEIR SILVER WEDDING

Children of the Army, comrades bless you everywhere,
Scattered far where sea and land divide—
Comrades who have learned the worth of prayer in
daily life,
Pray that Christ may always be your Guide.

THEIR SILVER WEDDING

TO JENNIE FROM JONATHAN

FOND memories carry me back to-night,
Far back to the old sweet days,
With you, dear Jennie, in youth and strength,
And I with my boyhood ways.
I'd given myself to the Army then,
And gladly entered the fray,
And they had sent me to Bunkersville,
Where the devil's dupes held sway.

Oh, Bunkersville was a hard old corps,
I nearly gave up the fight,
Till you came into the Army hall ;
Oh, that happy meeting night !
I saw you enter, I saw you go,
And chanced to see you next day,
For I was Captain at Bunkersville,
And you lived across the way.

I'd never thought of a wife till then,
My heart was all in the war,
Somehow or other my views were changed,
I thought and I thought some more.
The regulations and rules I sought,
And puzzled my brain that day,

THEIR SILVER WEDDING

When I was Captain at Bunkersville,
And you lived across the way.

“ Two years to wait ”—and I heaved a sigh,
I had been an officer one, .
It really seemed that my heart would fail,
The long wait had just begun.
If ever I prayed in my life, dear,
It was on that very day,
When I was Captain at Bunkersville,
And you lived across the way.

I led my meetings and open-airs,
And visited door to door,
I sold the War Cry from street to street,
Looked after the sick and poor,
But often when tired and all alone,
My thoughts unto you would stray,
When I was Captain at Bunkersville,
And you lived across the way.

“ You must not court in your corps,” they said,
Between us there was a bar,
I learned the depth of the saying then :
“ Oh, so near and yet so far!”
I wrote my D. O.* the rules were stiff,
He answered to my dismay,
For I was Captain at Bunkersville,
And you lived across the way.

* Divisional Officer—One who is in charge of a number of Corps' grouped together.

THEIR SILVER WEDDING

My D. O. paid me a visit then,
And we had an interview,
He 'minded me of the vows I'd made,
And urged me to still be true.
"A Captain should marry a Captain for
The sake of the work," he'd say,
And I was Captain at Bunkersville,
While you lived across the way.

"She'd make a good Captain, sir," I said,
(And my heart went pit-a-pat,)
"From my observations of her, sir,
I do feel quite sure of that."
He gave me permission to see you then,
My feelings to you convey,
When I was Captain at Bunkersville,
And you lived across the way.

The Lord He works in a wondrous way,
For in the meeting that night,
You consecrated yourself to God—
What joy to my gladdened sight!
I owed you a "shepherd's" visit then,
Saw you—and your Dad—next day,
For I was Captain at Bunkersville,
And you lived across the way.

I walked as it were in airy space,
My troubles it seemed had flown,
For when I'd spoken to you I found,
That you had thoughts of your own.
Your Dad proved a sympathizer too,
And wished us good luck for aye,

THEIR SILVER WEDDING

When I was Captain at Bunkersville,
And you lived across the way.

But "Man is born to trouble as sure
As sparks fly upward" 'tis said;
A yellow envelope came by mail—
The long ones we used to dread.
I tore it open with trembling hands,
And my heart it thumped away,
For I was ordered from Bunkersville,
While you lived across the way.

It's easy to boast of loyalty, dear,
Till you're put right to the test,
Your Dad offered me a position there,
And one of the very best.
I'd put my hand to the Army plough,
I'd never go back—Nay! Nay!
So I said farewell to Bunkersville,
While you lived across the way.

The letters you wrote they thrill me yet,
Encouraging me when down,
The care you had for my soul will shine,
A star in your jewelled crown.
It mattered not if the fight were hard,
I could shout a loud hooray,
For I'd been Captain at Bunkersville,
And you lived across the way.

You went to the Training College soon,
And left with the red braid on,
With courage and faith you fought for God,
And many victories won.

SAY "THANK YOU" TO THE GIVER

I knew you'd make a good Captain, dear,
Observing you work and pray,
When I was Captain at Bunkersville,
And you lived across the way.

One day, though we'd been so far apart,
We met—you and I—on the train,
Both bound for the same old cherished spot,
For the dear home corps again.
The bunting fluttered, the banners waved,
The little old hall looked gay,
For we were married at Bunkersville,
And just Dad lived across the way.

And this is our silver wedding day,
They've been golden years to me,
United we've toiled 'neath the Blood and Fire—
The flag that means liberty.
And now we're journeying down the hill,
To our golden wedding day,
Shall we celebrate that at Bunkersville,
And both live across the way?

XIII

THANKSGIVING

SAY "THANK YOU" TO THE GIVER

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good."
—PSALM 107:1.

SOME people sit and gormandize,
Around a well-spread table,
Of foods rich, choice and rare they eat,
As much as they are able,

SAY "THANK YOU" TO THE GIVER

They satisfy their appetite,
And overwork their liver,
But they lack the common manners
To say "Thank you" to the Giver.

Some people own a coach and four,
And ride with stately carriage,
They've butlers, valets, maids galore,
(They've made good in their marriage).
They buy what suits their fancy best,—
A Cadillac or flivver,
But they lack the common manners
To say "Thank you" to the Giver.

Some folks are fat and flourishing,
Their head is never aching,
Digesting food most nourishing,
They're giants in the making;
In epidemic or in wreck,
Escape without a sliver,
But they lack the common manners
To say "Thank you" to the Giver.

Whatever comes in life to us,
That's good and worth the getting,
Our home and children, food and clothes,
And other treasures netting,
The Bible says each perfect gift,
Our Father doth deliver,
Let us have the common manners
To say "Thank you" to the Giver.

I THANK THEE

Should some good man present us with
A million from his saving,
Our heart with gratitude would bound,
Our tongue with thanks be raving.
The gifts of God are broad and deep,
And wide as any river,
Let us have the common manners
To say "Thank you" to the Giver.

I THANK THEE

"Giving thanks always for all things."—EPHESIANS 5:20.

I THANK Thee, Lord, when laid aside,
That I can still with Thee abide,
That all Thy Presence fills the room
Dispelling dreaded doubt and gloom.

I thank Thee for my husband dear,
Whose strong kind presence gives me cheer;
I thank Thee for my daughter sweet,
Who makes our home life so complete;
I thank Thee for a host of friends,
My chain of blessing never ends.

I thank Thee for two eyes to see
The goodness of my Lord to me,
A voice to speak, two ears to hear,
A heart that feels Thee ever near.

I thank Thee for two lives sincere
Still active in their eightieth year,
To whom I owe my Christian birth,
Whose training was of untold worth

I THANK THEE

Where happy childhood days were spent
In love and peace and sweet content.

I thank Thee for a good warm bed,
A downy pillow for my head,
And for my doctor's kindly care,
That eases all the pain I bear.

I thank Thee I can see the sky,
Its changing beauties passing by ;
My Master's hand has painted me
The prettiest pictures one could see,
Their sunrise tints of red and gold
Enraptured doth my vision hold.

I thank Thee for the moon that beams,
For every twinkling star that gleams,
And for two windows in my room
Through which these heavenly bodies loom.

I thank Thee on the starless nights
I see the Jersey City lights,
Far distant seven miles or more
They shine upon the Hudson shore,
'Tis like a glimpse through Heaven's gate
Where golden glories for me wait.

I thank Thee for a tree outside
So strong and stately, tall and wide,
Where birdies perch upon a limb
And sing to me their sweetest hymn.

I thank Thee for the darkest hours,
They've always brought refreshing showers,

THEY FOLLOWED THE STAR

For stony paths and lonely ways—
Thy hand I trace through all my days—
They serve to lift my spirit higher
These thankful verses to inspire.

I thank Thee for Thy Holy Word—
The Lamp of Life, the Christian's sword—
That all its promises are mine
And o'er my daily life they shine.

I thank Thee more than all beside
That Jesus is my Light and Guide,
That in my youth I gave up all
To follow at the Master's call;
For Thou dost all my needs attend,
My chain of blessing has no end.

XIV

CHRISTMAS

THEY FOLLOWED THE STAR

“Lo, the star, which they saw in the East, went before them.”
—MATTHEW 2:9.

THEY followed the Star o'er the Eastern plain,
And it led them all the way,
Till they reached the goal of their great desire,
The place where the Christ-Child lay.

They followed the path of the shining Star,
And its brilliance gave them light,
Its radiance outshone the dazzling sun,
And pierced through the darkest night.

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN CHRIST IS BORN?

They turned not aside to the right or left,
Perchance they might go astray,
With a firm faith fixed on the fiery Star,
They questioned not its way.

They had one ambition, one thought, one faith,
One hope that did not grow dim,
One love that burned bright in their beating breasts,
And that pure love led to Him.

This wonderful, beautiful, brilliant Star
Is blazing our homeward trail,
'Tis the light God gives to the soul of man,
Its guidance can never fail.

Then follow the Star be it dark or light,
Be the pathway short or long,
And your heart rejoicing will find the Christ,
And echo the angels' song.

Oh, the foolish wait with a wavering faith,
To follow the Christ to-day,
But the wise men start with a purpose firm,
And they follow all the way.

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN CHRIST IS BORN?

*"Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour,
which is Christ the Lord."*—LUKE 2:11.

AN angel-spirit earthward went—
A messenger from Heaven sent—
Just at the dawn of Christmas Day,
When myriads in glad array,
In notes of praise, both loud and long,
Joined in the hallelujah song,

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN CHRIST IS BORN?

And rang sweet bells of joy and peace,
And love that nevermore would cease;
For God's great Gift to earth that morn
Was heralded when Christ was born.

The ministering angel came
To rich, poor, high and low the same,
With message so distinct and clear
That could not fail the dullest ear;
For seemed the world by sin so torn,
Man had forgotten Christ was born.

The room was dreary, dark and low,
God's creatures there knew naught but woe;
For drunkenness was found therein,
Grim penury, distress and sin.
Scarce shielded from the bitter cold,
Together huddled young and old;
With gifts the angel-spirit came
And spoke without a word of blame:
"There's hope for you, O souls forlorn!
Have you forgotten Christ is born?"

A home of wealth, luxurious, grand,
Alone for selfish pleasures planned;
Within its walls rose revelry gay—
No thought of Christ on Christmas Day.
The angel-spirit entered in
And thus rebuked them for their sin:
"Oh, seek a better way to live!
This is the day to love and give,
Help those of every comfort shorn;
Have you forgotten Christ is born?"

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN CHRIST IS BORN?

While Christmas chimes rang sweet refrain,
Sad, tolling bells, in mournful strain,
So strangely mingled death and birth,
And joy and sorrow o'er the earth;
And heads were bowed in grief and pain—
Seemed clouds would never lift again,
Till angel-spirit, bending near,
Spoke gently in each mourner's ear:
“Lift up your head, O ye that mourn!
Have you forgotten Christ is born?”

The convict pondered in his cell;
Though once so pure—oh, how he fell!
In innocence he lisped a prayer
When held in mother's tender care.
These memories brought him bitter tears,
And deep regrets o'er misspent years;
But hope, long crushed, revived once more,
When angel-voice the message bore:
“O soul, by sin's rough breakers torn,
Have you forgotten Christ is born?”

The battle fiercely raged all night,
The slain were many in that fight;
For days and nights the shot and shell
Had made the earth an awful hell.
What matter if 'twere Christmas time?
Still war pursued its sin and crime!
But man to man as brothers stood,
And greetings spoke in brotherhood,
When angel-voice was heard that morn:
“Have you forgotten Christ is born?”

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN CHRIST IS BORN?

His body quivered with the pain—
So long in anguish had he lain,
The bombs, so deafening in the air,
Seemed more than mortal man could bear.
He spoke—a smile upon his face—
As he accepted dying grace :
“ Tell mother—Jesus—came—to-day,
And He—has washed—my—sins—away.”
To realms of bliss his soul was borne,
While angels whispered : “ Christ is born.”

Yea, though the world is battle-scarred,
And by sin’s cruel weapons marred,
And men still writhe in discontent,
With greed for wealth and power their bent,
The day will come when man shall fall,
And crown Him, Jesus, Lord of all—
When they who speak His name with scorn
Shall all confess that Christ is born.

Oh, let us hail our Saviour’s birth—
’Tis Christmas over all the earth—
And sing the grand old song again
Of “ Peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”
His beauty may our lives adorn,
While we remember Christ is born.

CAN YOU HEAR THE ANGELS SINGING?

CAN YOU HEAR THE ANGELS SINGING?

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”—LUKE 2:14.

CAN you hear the angels singing,
As they sang in days of old?
Do you feel the joy they're bringing,
As they strike their harps of gold?
“Christ is born,” they still remind us,
He will dwell in every heart;
Undisturbed by outward turmoil,
Inward peace He doth impart.

Can you hear the angels singing,
Sufferer on your lonely cot?
Through the painful hours of waiting,
Do you oft bemoan your lot?
Angels hover o'er your sick-bed,
Singing carols sweet and low,
Lift your fainting heart and listen,
Catch their love-song ere they go.

Can you hear the angels singing,
Prisoner in your cell alone?
Angels enter prison-chambers,
Singing where all song has flown.
Hear their hope-song, grasp it quickly,
Join the chorus while you may—
“Christ is born to be your Saviour,”
Prove it on this Christmas Day.

Can you hear the angels singing,
Mother with your little ones?

CAN YOU HEAR THE ANGELS SINGING?

'Midst your daily round of duties,
Can you hear those heavenly tones?
Rest a moment from your labour
Cease your anxious fretful care,
Listen to the angel's peace-song,
And a smile of peace you'll wear.

Can you hear the angels singing,
Mother in your lonely home,
Since the song-birds you have nested,
Far in other fields now roam?
Angels sing for you the sweeter,
Lest your mother-heart should break,
Lift your voice though trembling, join them,
Of their glory-song partake.

Can you hear the angels singing,
Dear old Dad, they sing for you,
On your toilsome, homeward journey,
Angel-songs will help you through.
Does the way seem rough and thorny?
Heavy is your load of care?
Tune your heart to join the singing,
And the glory you shall share.

Can you hear the angels singing,
Brother, sister, in your youth?
Life holds many treasures for you,
None so dear as God's own truth.
Hark! The angels sing the secret
Of a blessed happy life—
Jesus came to save His people,
Keep them free from inward strife.

CAN YOU HEAR THE ANGELS SINGING?

Can you hear the angels singing,
Children at your merry play?
Many gifts receiving, giving;
More than this is Christmas Day,
Christ is born our King forever,
Ruler of the earth and sky,
Children, join the angelic chorus:
"Glory be to God on high."

Can you hear the angels singing,
Wanderer from the fold of God?
Do you feel well-nigh discouraged?
Hard is the transgressor's road?
Singing angels all surround you,
Hear their voices loud and strong.
Let your heart receive the message,
Join their holy, happy song.

Everywhere are angels singing,
Angels singing everywhere,
We can hear their joyful anthems,
If we walk in paths of prayer,
Oh, that all the world would hearken
To their song of peace and love,
Kneel before the Christ of Christmas,
And His wondrous mercy prove!

THE BELLS OF CHRISTMAS

THE BELLS OF CHRISTMAS

“Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.”—LUKE 2:10.

LIST to the bells of Christmas!
Message of hope they ring—
Hope for the world's redemption,
Christ is born our King!
Jesus, the name be given
To Him, the angel said,
Jesus, to save His people,
Born in manger bed.

List to the bells of Christmas!
List to their chimes again!
Message of peace they're pealing—
Peace, good-will to men.
If every heart would serve Him,
Drive sin and fear away,
Nations of earth would welcome
Peace this Christmas day.

List to the bells of Christmas!
Playing their love-lit air!
Heaven to earth is bringing
Gift so sweet and fair—
Jesus, the pure and holy,
Gift of the Father's love;
Let us accept His offering,
And His goodness prove.

List to the bells of Christmas!
Joy-bells for you and me—
Birthday of our Redeemer,
He Who set us free!

“WERE I BUT HOME TO-NIGHT!”

How shall we pay Him homage?
How shall we please Him best?
Give Him a willing service;
This is love's true test.

“WERE I BUT HOME TO-NIGHT!”

I AM thinking of home to-night,
And the dear ones over there,
Of the fireside cheery and bright,
And my own long vacant chair.

I suppose this is Christmas Eve,
Though it does not seem the same;
Oh, had I the courage to leave
This life of folly and shame!

Yes, to-morrow is Christmas Day,
And the folks will all be home,
Only I am so far away,
A wanderer still I roam.

I fancy I hear dear old Dad
At the table saying grace,
And see mother looking so sad,
As she glances at my place.

There'll be turkey, plum pudding, mince pies,
Enough for all and to spare;
A joint that would gladden your eyes,
And mother will save my share.

For of all the days of the year,
She looks for me Christmas Day,

“WERE I BUT HOME TO-NIGHT!”

And must have shed many a tear,
Since I have gone far astray.

I remember the Christmas tree,
Just before I came away,
And the Bible thereon for me;
How I have forgotten to pray!

There's a blizzard raging outside,
And my heart is sad and lone,
At home would I be satisfied,
Though my pillow were a stone.

But, hark! 'bove the wind's wildest roar,
Sweet voices, oh, can it be?
“Peace on earth!” I've heard it before,
But does it mean peace for me?

My soul is awakening at last,
They sing “Light to all He brings”;
My chances have not all gone past,
For me “healing in His wings.”

Oh, Father in Heaven, I come,
A sinner and all undone,
Thy great love does welcome me home,
A wayward, prodigal son.

One word 'cross the sea will I send:
“Saved!” Mother will understand;
And next Christmas I hope to spend
Away in the dear home land.

PLAYING SANTA CLAUS

PLAYING SANTA CLAUS

I THOUGHT I would like to play Santa
When I was a little boy,
It would give me a lot of pleasure,
And bring some poor children joy.

I asked Dad to lend me his whiskers,
(I intended to paint them white)
But what do you think he told me?
They were fastened on too tight.

I hunted for Mother's best clothes line,
I got it and more beside,
When I combed it like Santa's whiskers,
And put them on with pride.

My brother Jack lent me his coon coat,
It covered a pillow and me,
I wanted to look like Santa,
And dressed up in greatest glee.

I knew there would be empty stockings,
In some of the houses nigh,
For somehow or other it happens
The poor are often passed by.

So off I went one Christmas morning,
When all was quiet and still,
I thought ere the children were wakened,
Their stockings I'd find and fill.

My brother went with me for company,
And stood in a corner dark,
I knew I'd be dreadfully frightened
If a dog should happen to bark.

PLAYING SANTA CLAUS

'Twas cold and as dark as the midnight,
 The snow cast a glimmer 'round,
Though we walked with stealthy footsteps,
 The frost made a crackling sound.

When we went to the Widow Jackson's,
 We found she'd unlocked the door,
I had quietly told her the secret,
 A couple of days before.

So gently I lifted the door latch
 (I really trembled with fear),
And silently stepped in the kitchen,
 Lest the children wake and hear.

I listened, for sweet childish voices,
 And sobs broke the stillness there,
Above in the room they were praying,
 And this was their simple prayer:

“ Dear Jesus, our stockings are empty,
 We have just been down to see,
And last Christmas morning we 'member,
 They were full as they could be.

“ Our daddy—is 'way up—in Heaven
 We miss—him—so much—to-day— ”
I had heard enough and their stockings
 I soon filled and ran away.

The joy of the children that morning
 Was nothing compared to mine;
The blessing that cometh with giving,
 Receiving doth far outshine.

A REAL SANTA CLAUS

A REAL SANTA CLAUS

WHAT do you think Nell Brown told me
About a year ago?
There wasn't any Santa Claus,
Not really real you know.

I said, "There *is*, there *must* be, sure!
For every Christmas Eve,
A great, big stocking I hang up,
And say would you believe,

"Old Santa comes and fills it just
As full as it can be
And if he wasn't really real
He couldn't do that, see?"

Well, I thought, "That's all Nell Brown knows,"
So I made up my mind,
Before that Christmas passed away,
I'd do my best to find

If there was really any truth
In what Nell said to me,
Or whether she was bluffing me,
Or teasing me maybe.

On Christmas Eve I went to bed,
But not to go to sleep;
I thought if I would hear a sound
I'd up and have a peep.

I lay as still as still could be—
'Twas dark as pitch around—
I was a little scared, and then,
I heard a crackling sound!

A REAL SANTA CLAUS

I jumped right out of bed and ran
On tiptoe through the hall,
And crawled so easy down the stairs,
For fear that I might fall;

And shivering with cold and fear,
I reached the parlor door,
And would you believe it, there he stood,
His toys upon the floor.

I ran and grabbed his whiskers quick,
And held him there quite fast—
“O Santa, Santa, Santa, dear,
I’ve caught you here at last!”

He tried to get away from me,
I held his whiskers tight;
And then I nearly lost my breath,
I’d such a dreadful fright.

His whiskers came out by the roots,
His face fell on the floor;
He grabbed me right up in his arms,
Which scared me all the more.

Just how the change all came about,
It puzzles me to say,
’Twas daddy’s voice that said to me,
“ My darling little May!”

But if you’d seen the lovely toys,
I think you’d all agree,
My darling dear old daddy was
Quite real enough for me!

BIRTHDAY GIFTS FOR JESUS

BIRTHDAY GIFTS FOR JESUS

MOTHER, what will Santa bring me?

Oh, I cannot wait to see!

Think I'll find quite all I asked for

On my pretty Christmas tree?

Dolly's carriage and a dolly,

'Most as real as sister here,

Such a lot of things I wanted,

Think He'll bring them, mother dear?

“Mother, tell me what is Christmas?”

Thoughtful then the maiden grew
While I told her of the Saviour—

Old, old story, now so new—
How there came to earth one Christmas,
Many, many years ago,
Such a precious little baby,
Best the world could ever know.

How He grew up into manhood,

Always seeking others' good,
And at last they crucified Him

On a cruel cross of wood.

“Christmas then is Jesus' birthday,”

(And her eyes were opened wide),

“Why do I get all the presents?”

Then my little Eva cried.

“Oh, if I could give *Him* something!

But, how can I, mother dear,
When He is right up in Heaven,

And I'm far away down here?”

BIRTHDAY GIFTS FOR JESUS

“ Inasmuch as ye have done it,”
(Jesus said this, dear, you see),
“ Unto one of these, my brethren,
Ye have done it unto Me.”

“ There is poor old Granny Turner,
In her cottage over there,
All alone, no one to cheer her,
Scant indeed her Christmas fare;
And the little Thompson children,
Mother ill and father dead;
Oh, so many poor around us,
Who have scarce sufficient bread!”

Christmas morning, bright and early,
Eva trudged off through the snow,
With a basket filled with goodies—
Jesus’ birthday gifts, you know—
While she would repeat the story,
Sweetest story ever told,
Of the Christ Whose coming brings us
Safe into the heavenly fold.

Bending o'er her baby dolly,
Humming low a lullaby,
Thus I found her in the nursery,
When the shades of eve drew nigh.
Then she hugged her dolly closer,
Whispering softly in her ear:
“ I’m so glad I’ve given Jesus
Something on His birthday, dear.”

THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN

XV

THE NEW YEAR

THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN

[An answer to Louisa Fletcher's poem of the same title.]

"Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again."

—JOHN 3:7.

THREE'S a wonderful place for the whole human race,

Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where the acts of the past, in forgetfulness cast,
Rise no more for God's pardon we gain.
And a Saviour we find, Who will always be kind,
As the King of our hearts He shall reign,
And though sin-sick and sad, we shall all be made glad,
In the Land of Beginning Again.

The old life we can stop just the same as we drop
A shabby old coat at the door,
With it all to be through. We can put on the new,
And discard the old rags evermore.
Standing there at the gates the Omnipotent waits,
And His suffering we cannot disdain—
Wounded hands, feet, and side, that we all may abide
In the Land of Beginning Again.

Aims to magnify self are all laid on the shelf,
While our best to love's service we give,
As we seek so we find every chance to be kind,
In the interests of others to live.
And if unmeant mistakes should cause any heartaches,
Their forgiveness we soon would obtain,

COME BACK, FATHER TIME

For God's love reigns supreme, in our lives it would
gleam,
In the Land of Beginning Again.

Oh, how tranquil the earth with this new second birth!
For all people would live "on the square,"
And each hold the other as he would a brother,
And in all of his dealings be fair.
Then all strife and unrest would give way at love's
quest,
And sweet peace and prosperity reign,
For the trumpets of war sound their call nevermore,
In the Land of Beginning Again.

There is no magic way that in sin we may stay,
And this beautiful land hope to win.
To us God's Word is sent that we all must repent,
And accept His salvation from sin.
Oh, the sun is so bright and our hearts are so light,
When we move from sin's evil domain,
And we start on the road to take up our abode
In the Land of Beginning Again.

COME BACK, FATHER TIME

COME back, Father Time, how my life has been
wasted!

Too long of earth's pleasures my soul has now tasted;
Come back to the offers of pardon rejected,
Oh, give me the chances I long have neglected.

Come back, Father Time, to that night in December;
The call on that Watch-Night, how well I remember!

GOOD-NIGHT, OLD YEAR, GOOD-NIGHT!

The vows that I made, oh, how soon they were broken!
Come back, I will render the vows I have spoken.

Come back, Father Time, e'en to youth's early morning,
When mother's dear voice sounded out my first warning,

When innocent childhood but knew the beginning
Of darkness and death for the souls that are sinning.

Come back, Father Time, I would live my life over,
Sad memories to-day round my spirit do hover;
Poor sinners have died all unwashed, unforgiven,
While I might have shown them the way into Heaven.

Come back, Father Time, art thou gone, gone forever?
Those chances I missed, will they come to me never?
With bitter regrets and a heart full of sorrow,
I seek pardoning grace for a better to-morrow.

GOOD-NIGHT, OLD YEAR, GOOD-NIGHT!

GOOD-NIGHT, old year, good-night!
You gave us moments, hours and days,
To honour God and show His Praise;
You gave us weeks and months to live.
To work, and pray, and love, and give;
You gave us precious time to spend
For others here. And now the end.

Good-night, old year, good-night!

Good-night, old year, good-night!
The chances you have given are past,
No hand so strong could hold them fast,
No voice can call them back again:

WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE

To our account dead loss or gain.
You gave us chances by the score,
For helping others. Now no more.

Good-night, old year, good-night!

Good-night, old year, good-night!
Oh, let us ask before we part,
If we might make another start,
Improve the moments passing here—
For golden minutes make the year—
In deeds of kindness, gems of light,
To brighten others! Now, good-night,
Good-night, old year, good-night!

WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE

"Vow, and pay unto the Lord your God."—PSALM 76:11.

FATHER Time is ever pointing
To the clock upon the wall,
And our past in his ripe judgment
Would the stoutest heart appal;
So we grieve o'er our shortcomings,
While our faulty past we shelve,
And we make new resolutions,
When the clock strikes twelve.

Then we find, in January,
Very much the same old life—
Same old trials and temptations,
Same old world of sin and strife.
But there's grace to help us conquer
In the New Year just begun;
We remember resolutions
When the clock strikes one.

I HEARD HIM SING

Of our vows we are reminded
Often through the coming year;
Time's old clock keeps striking, striking,
Loudly that we all may hear.
But the months are swift in passing,
Into work and play we delve
Till the last day of December,
When the clock strikes twelve.

Father Time again is pointing
To the clock upon the wall,
That our years will soon be numbered,
He reminds us, one and all.
Let us, then, be ready, waiting
For that hour we cannot shelve,
When for us life's day is ended
And the clock strikes twelve.

XVI

MISCELLANEOUS

I HEARD HIM SING

I HEARD him sing.
His voice was clear as a chiming bell,
And every word I could plainly tell,
His tenor notes were so sweet and high,
His voice familiar seemed quite close by.
I wanted to speak to him, draw him near,
And whisper praise he alone could hear,
But he was deaf to my longing speech,

I HEARD HIM SING

Though thousands of listeners he could reach,
Yet no applause could his audience bring,
From far away did the music ring
On radio's wing.

Heaven came so near.
He sang of the brighter world above,
Of mansions prepared through Jesus' love
Where "storms with their blasts shall never frown,"
And where "the sun shall no more go down,"
Of "streets that are made of purest gold,
Where nothing, no, nothing shall e'er grow old;"
Till one could imagine a beckoning hand,
And loved ones calling from that fair land,
The words distinct and the tones sincere
Were wafted far on the listening ear
So loud and clear.

It was full of life.
The life that breathed from his inmost soul
Swift over the waves to my lone heart stole.
The way of his voice that is all his own
Was the old, old way I had loved and known.
He sang with his voice and mind and heart
As if to others he would impart
This truth of the life beyond the blue,
And I listened in thrilled through and through,
High lifted above the world of strife,
Love, joy, and praise in my being rife,
For I am his wife.

THE DOCTOR'S ONE-HOSS SHAY

THE DOCTOR'S ONE-HOSS SHAY

'TWAS not like the deacon's one-hoss shay,

If appearances count for aught to-day,
For the doctor had no pick and choice,
And money at this time had no voice.

'Twas built not to last a hundred years,
And one might be pardoned for doubts and fears.

The snow was drifted from street to street,
The banks were covered with ice and sleet,
And Mr. Ford with his wonderful mind
Is still in this matter far behind ;
An automobile we sadly need,
That will push through the ice and snow with speed,
For this is the age of rush and run,
And the day of the old gray horse is done ;
But in a snowstorm, alas ! alack !
To the old gray nag we must still turn back,
So each man needed his one-hoss shay,
While some to the bone-yard hied away,
And picked up the bones long resting there,
And started them off to work somewhere.

The doctor was in a sorry plight,
For the snow was snowing all day and night ;
When his faithful Ford at the snowbanks balked,
'Twas the balkiest mule that ever walked,
And the doctor might sit in the snowdrift yet,
Except for that old gray mare he met.

He smiled as he said in a doubtful way :

" That nag is a ' slow old coach ' they say.

THE DOCTOR'S ONE-HOSS SHAY

Well, she pulled me out of the snow and sleet,
And landed me safely on my feet.
But how am I going to get around?
'Twill take her an age to cover the ground."

His wife with a shake of her dear wise head,
Said, " My dear, you had better go ahead,
'Tis better to go with an old jog trot,
Than speed a little then stop in one spot."
So he mounted his time-worn one-hoss shay,
And began at the rate of a mile a day,
(Or so it seemed to his anxious mind,
Compared with the car he had left behind.)
He stepped on the throttle—it wasn't there,
Then he caught a glimpse of the old gray mare.

" Giddap! Giddap!" But her step was slow,
The word she understood best was " Whoa!"
He pushed the lines and tickled her side,
But she plodded on with the same old stride.
Pneumonia, measles, and mumps must wait,
She still trudged on with a steady gait.
She turned her head and pricked up her ears,
As if she would say, " Oh, calm your fears,
Young man, sit back and enjoy your ride,
And learn a lesson from me beside.
You'll reach your patients as quick you know,
Enjoying the scenery as you go.
I may be a little out of date,
But start me in time and I'm never late.
As fast as you like your Ford will go,
With no speedometer time to show,

MY BABY SISTER

But she soon breaks down with this hurried life,
While I plug on through the din and strife.
The swift in the race may not always win,
The sure-foot does at the head come in.

“ I strive to obey my master’s word,
Without the use of the whip and cord,
As long as he doesn’t neglect my hay,
I’ll keep on going from day to day,
Do all the good that ever I can,
And just as long as ever I can,
For when time closes my earthly race,
Some other old nag will take my place.
I take it a slower and longer life,
Would suit you better, young man, and your wife.
The skill and knowledge at your command
Are guided well by an Unseen Hand,
So learn to rest and with patience wait—
But here we are at the measles gate.”

The doctor patted the old gray mare,
And dropped his burdensome load of care,
Henceforth to do just his very best,
And trust in Providence for the rest.

MY BABY SISTER

SHE’S the sweetest baby sister;
Don’t you think the angels kissed her
'Fore they sent her down to me?

Years and years it seemed I waited,
Prayed to God 'most every day
For a little baby brother,
Till it seemed no use to pray.

MY BABY SISTER

Guess He wanted to surprise me,
And He heard me just the same,
For when I got tired of praying,
Then my baby sister came.

Don't you think it's funny, Daddy,
Tell me, can you tell me how,
When I want a baby brother,
I can be so happy now?

Seems to me no other baby
Ever could be half so dear,
She's a real American beauty;
I'm so glad God sent her here.

See her eyes so blue and pretty,
And she's looking right at me!
Does she know I'm her big sister?
There, she smiles! Oh, Daddy, see!

Golden hair so soft and silky,
Rosy lips just made to kiss,
Tiny nose—here's my best hankie,
Think the baby can use this?

Cheeks that are as smooth as velvet,
And so pink, just like a rose,
Little hands so sweet and clinging,
And the cutest wee, wee toes.

I must go and fetch my Jippie,
Jippie, doggie, come and see,
Here's a really truly baby,
Come to play with you and me.

RUTH MABEL

Oh, I love her so much, Jippie,
 But I love you just the same;
I am going to call her Betty,
 Isn't that a pretty name?

Seems sometimes I must be dreaming,
 Oh, how dreadful I would feel,
Should I wake to find some morning
 Sister isn't really real!

Sure she's real—I heard her crying,
 Saw her take her dinner, too,
She was hungry Mamma told me;
 Think that's proof enough, don't you?

She's the sweetest baby sister,
Don't you think the angels missed her,
 When they sent her down to me?

RUTH MABEL

A LITTLE cherub fair and sweet,
My happiness is now complete,
As you, O baby mine, I greet—
 My Ruth Mabel,

Your dimpled cheeks, your eyes of blue,
Your few stray locks of fairest hue,
Your rosebud mouth—O kiss me, do,
 Sweet Ruth Mabel.

Your darling little pinky toes,
Your cutest tiniest pug nose;
You're pretty every way you pose,
 Dear Ruth Mabel.

CANADA FOR GOD AND RIGHT!

To-day I laughed in greatest glee,
I really think you smiled at me—
The sweetest smile your Dad could see—
Clever Ruth Mabel.

How can I wait to hear you say:
“ My Daddy ” in your own dear way,
And watch you with your toys at play?
Darling Ruth Mabel.

God sent you, dear, from Heaven above,
As pure and gentle as a dove,
You flew into our arms of love,
Our Ruth Mabel.

CANADA FOR GOD AND RIGHT!

[Written for the “Dominion Day War Cry,” Toronto,
Canada, July 1, 1913.]

MARCH on!
The clarion call to us is clear,
No time to hesitate or fear,
The need, the need is ever here,
March on!

Fair Canada, our vast domain,
This natal day calls out again;
Through verdant fields of velvet green,
The need of workers may be seen;
From fertile soil that lieth waste,
The call is loud, “ Make haste! Make haste! ”
Come, till the land and sow the seed,
Abundance here for those in need.

THANK GOD FOR THE COUNTRY!

Her mines are rich in ore and gold,
Her seas hold treasures all untold,
Mountains in mineral wealth abound,
Great lakes and rivers here are found,
Dense forests towering toward the sky,
For muscle, strength, and labour cry ;
Her years of peace and plenty past,
Hope's rays upon her future cast,

March on !

This land of liberty is ours,
The fields, the birds, the bees, the flowers,
Cry out with all their native powers,

March on !

Ye warriors of the living God,
March in the path the saints have trod,
Nor ever let your hands be slack,
But Satan's strongholds still attack ;
Our land must not be spoiled by sin,
The people for our God we'll win,
And labouring on with all our might,
Shout " Canada for God and right ! "

March on !

THANK GOD FOR THE COUNTRY!

THANK God for the country, the vast stretch of land,
Sun-kissed and by Heaven's sweet breath ever fanned ;
Blue skies overlooking the grass and the trees,
The singing of birds and the humming of bees.

THANK GOD FOR THE COUNTRY!

'Twas man made the skyscrapers, towering so high,
That shut out the sunshine from all who pass by;
The fields and green pastures, the brooks and the
flowers,
Were fashioned alike by omnipotent powers.

'Twas man built the tenements, crowding the poor,
Where women and children foul air must endure;
But God gave the open, the fresh country breeze,
Where children may frolic and play as they please.

'Twas man made the movies, the picture and show
That give to our children a death-dealing blow;
But God made the country, real life on the farm,
The beauties of nature for good and not harm.

'Twas man made the public-house gilded with sin,
That beckons the youth of our land to come in;
But God filled the country with beverage clear—
Pure water and milk, and away with the beer!

'Twas man made the city, apartment and street,
Where riches and poverty closely doth meet;
But God gave the country, the rich fertile soil,
And the fat of the land for all who will toil.

Thank God for the country, the quiet and rest,
The peace and the plenty with which it is blest,
The ground and the grass for our pavement-tired feet,
The honey and cream and the good things to eat.

Thank God for the country, thrice blessed are they
Who bathe in its glories and beauties to-day,
Oh, short is our span in the city's fast life!
But hoary heads crowneth the farmer and wife.

“NO WASHING IN HEAVEN”

Then ho for the country, for summer is here!
Its riches are plenty at this time of year;
A breath of its sweet-scented life-giving air,
Away to the wildwoods will scatter dull care.

“NO WASHING IN HEAVEN”

NO washin' in hivin?" sez Biddy to Pat,
"Now phwat is The Giniral manin' boi that?
Oi've washed till me finghers are blisthered an' sore
To kape the ould wolf roight away from the door,
Whoile you, Pat (Bad luck to yez), sit on yer sate
Wid yer dirthy ould poipe, an' a shtool fer yer fate.
No washin' in hivin? Indade it is me
Will be glad whin the lasth bit o' washin' Oi see,
They're wearin' whoite robes over there, too, they
say;
An' shure Oi'd be washin' yers, Pat, iviry day,
Fancy you frum yer hed to yer fate all in whoite,
An' wid a black poipe, now ye wud be a soight."

"Och, Biddy, dear; don't be so hard on yer Pat,
He's yer own luvin' hushban' ye know fer all that;
If ye'd listhen to phwat the good Giniral sed,
An' not think uv all yer ould washin' insted;
He shpake o' the washin' away uv our sin,
It musth be dun here or we wud not git in;
Och, Biddy, dear; Oi'm a poor sinful crayther
(An' ye are no betther thin Oi hev bin nayther).
Here, Biddy, me darlint's, moi heart and moi hand,
Let's shtart us togither fer that hivinly land,
An' here is moi poipe, Oi will break it in two,
An' Oi'll carry the hod fer the luv Oi bear you.

TAKE CARE!

Yer washin' is dun, its a ladhy ye'll be,
Oi'll earn a good livin' fer you and fer me;
An' shure whin The Giniral kums back nixt year,
It's Patrick an' Biddy will wilkum him here."

TAKE CARE!

TAKE care of your pennies," they tell me,
" The dollars will care for themselves."
And the pennies will grow
Into dollars, you know,
If placed on the uppermost shelves.

Take care of your time, which is precious,
Your years are made up of to-days,
And each moment well spent
Will bring joy and content,
At the parting at last of the ways.

Take care of your talents, God-given,
For His glory use them alone,
He will bless you the more,
And add gifts to your store,
And you'll merit at last His " Well done! "

Take care of your chances of service
For God and humanity here,
Count not one of them small,
For the Lord giveth all,
And rewardeth the true and sincere.

BEWARE!

BEWARE!

“Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines.”
—SONG OF SOLOMON 2:15.

BEWARE of the sly little foxes,
They ruin the prettiest vine;
Just a nibble and bite,
At first out of your sight,
Till over spoiled branches you pine.

Beware of the “white lie” so common,
Of making things seem what they’re not;
It will tarnish your name,
You will blush with the shame,
When you cannot erase such a blot.

Beware of the world’s gay allurements,
Though harmless they sometimes appear;
Ask, “What good will there be?”
Not “What harm there for me?”
Take heed to the answer you hear.

Beware of that touch of the fashion,
A frill here and furbelow there;
Keep a distance away
From the world every day;
Beware of the sly tempter’s snare!

Beware of the “little sins,” comrade,
Which only appear to be small;
Like a canker they eat,
Till your soul they defeat,
And then, oh, how great is the fall!

DON'T LET HIM GET YOU AT LAST

DON'T LET HIM GET YOU AT LAST

A WARNING TO SALVATIONISTS

OLD Satan is sly as a fox,
He's watching to give you some knocks;
Then don't be a-sleeping when he comes a-creeping,
For he wants to get you at last.

Old Satan dislikes all your zeal,
You so often make him to squeal;
The coals he is raking to give you a baking,
If he only gets you at last.

Old Satan he walks to and fro,
He travels as fast as you go;
A-tempting, a-teasing, he tries to be pleasing;
Oh, don't let him get you at last.

Old Satan knows when you feel weak,
And false words of comfort will speak;
If you start a-whining, his face will be shining,
For he'll think he's got you at last.

Old Satan he offers you gold,
"You'll need it," he says, "When you're old;
As poor as a church mouse, you'll die in the work-
house."

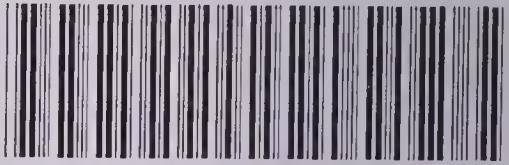
But he wants to get you at last.

Old Satan he never gets tired,
He stays on the job till he's fired;
His plans he is laying—you keep on a-praying—
And don't let him get you at last.

Printed in the United States of America

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